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The Shape of Things

HOPE FOR EFFECTIVE MEASURES TO CARRY on the work of UNRRA have improved somewhat as a result of the pressure that has been brought to bear on the State Department. William L. Clayton, Under Secretary of State, said on his return from the UNRRA council meeting in Geneva that provision would have to be made in some way for 800,000 refugees and displaced persons, not much below the present number being cared for by UNRRA. The representatives he left behind at Geneva—assuming they were not misquoted by the Associated Press, which carried a most unfortunate misquotation of Director General La Guardia's statement—even recommend that UNRRA's refugee activities be continued for six months after the funds run out on December 31, or until the International Refugee Organization can take over. One thing is certain; the I. R. O. will have neither the organization nor the money to begin operations anywhere near December 31. The most we can hope is that some sort of life can be instilled into it when the General Assembly meets in September, and that the money can then be found somewhere. Money will be necessary also to maintain the refugee personnel of UNRRA, and as far as the United States is concerned it will be very difficult to do anything about it in time. Congress has adjourned for the summer and for the elections, and it is at least even money that it will not come back to Washington until next January.

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MR. TRUMAN NO DOUBT WAS RELUCTANT to ask for additional funds for UNRRA's work from such a Congress, but he and his State Department will have much to answer for as the result of their lack of courage. It would appear that Mr. Clayton, who was principally responsible for the decision to cut off UNRRA with no additional funds, was primarily interested in stopping free food from countries under Soviet influence. Other countries, presumably Greece and Italy, will get American loans, although how that can be done without Congressional action is not easy to see; our Export-Import Bank is supposed to supply credits solely for actual projects, not national subsistence, and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development still refuses to be involved in such utopian projects as feeding people and rebuilding devastated areas. Since we were contributing three-fourths of the cost of running UNRRA, and presumably will pay only our standard United Nations contribution of 24 per cent to whatever UNRRA activities it takes over, the new set-up will represent a saving to the American taxpayer. Let us hope that it will not cost the hungry people of Europe and the Far East more than it saves us. The only way we can avoid a real catastrophe next January is to continue the pressure on the Truman Administration. The United Nations still has not enough competent personnel, and the steps necessary to build up a satisfactory staff, to obtain the necessary money, and really to take over from UNRRA, will be long and difficult. But it is a task worth doing, and we should remember the warning by Herbert H. Lehman, LaGuardia's predecessor as director general of UNRRA, of the consequences "which must inevitably arise if the ground which has been so laboriously gained by UNRRA over the past years is lost."

*

THE DEPORTATION OF SOME 1,300 JEWS WHO had made their way into Palestine in defiance of the British blockade and quotas can only make an ugly situation worse and a solution more difficult to find. Of what use is it for Mr. Bevin to discuss possible compromise plans with members of the Jewish Agency or his own Cabinet members while Moslem troops from Britain's Indian army herd Jewish refugees into barbed-wire concentration camps in Cyprus, and British courts hand out death sentences to Jewish rebels? The deportations and repressions are certain to cancel out any attempt to find a peaceful solution; cancel it out by inflaming the emotions and hardening the will of both sides in the struggle; by discrediting every Jewish leader who agrees to negotiate with the British and glorifying the young fanatics who use hand grenades and guns. If Mr. Bevin really wants peace in Palestine he will have to call off his side of the civil war first. He will have to release imprisoned Jewish officials and all the others who have been jailed for their opinions. He will have to halt the deportations, allowing the refugees to remain in Palestine until an immigration policy is finally agreed upon. Then perhaps he can talk with the Agency officials to some purpose, for it looks as though an improved partition plan, providing full autonomy, with control over

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immigration, in a larger Jewish zone, might be acceptable to the more moderate Zionist leaders. But such a scheme cannot even be discussed while war rages in the Holy Land.

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THE SOVIET NOTE TO TURKEY PROPOSING revision of the Montreux Convention which governs navigation rights between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, has placed another indigestible dish on the overloaded diplomatic table. The note made five suggestions: (1) that the straits should always be open for the passage of merchant vessels of all nations; (2) that they should be always open to the warships of Black Sea powers; (3) that warships of others powers should be barred except in cases specially provided for; (4) that "the establishment of the regime of the straits . . . must constitute the competence of Turkey and the other Black Sea powers"; (5) that the defense of the straits should be jointly organized by Turkey and the Soviet Union. The first three of these proposals conform closely to ones made by Mr. Byrnes last November and, if the Russian plan had stopped there, it would have been acceptable to Turkey and the other signatories of Montreux as a basis for negotiation. But the fourth point appears to exclude all but the Black Sea powers from the picture, leaving Turkey to deal in isolation with mighty Russia and two of its satellites. And the fifth is interpreted as a demand for Russian bases on Turkish soil.

*

NOT SURPRISINGLY ANKARA HAS INDICATED that it regards these proposals as incompatible with Turkish sovereignty and "categorically unacceptable." Unfortunately, the U. S. S. R. can appeal to several historical precedents in support of its claims: for instance, the demands made by President Theodore Roosevelt on Colombia which preceded the acquisition by the United States of the Panama Canal Zone, and British insistence on special rights in Egypt in connection with the Suez Canal. The fact is that, before the Dardenelles problem can be finally settled, we shall need an international conference to decide on principles governing the navigation of all international waterways. As *The Nation* has often pointed out, the Western powers cannot oppose Russia's designs with moral or political precepts which they neglect themselves.

*

WITH THE EMBARGO ON OVERSEAS PRESS dispatches lifted and arbitration under way the Press Wireless dispute, which for a week has disrupted all major services between the United States and most foreign countries, seems sure to be settled. But the strike develops certain issues which went far beyond the merits of the case. The grievances of the strikers were clear and impressive. Members of the American Communications Association (C. I. O.) walked out to protest the firing of

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forty-six of their men and the reclassification of many others, with accompanying reductions in pay. Whether they violated their contract by striking will be determined by the arbitration proceedings, but their tactics during the strike raise a grave question of union policy. It was entirely reasonable for the A. C. A. to order its members everywhere to refuse to handle Press Wireless copy during the strike, with consequent financial loss to that agency. But the union went beyond reasonable limits, it seems to us, when it ordered its members to embargo copy from all other cable companies on the ground that is was the only way to get at the papers owning Press Wireless, which were avoiding the consequences of the strike by getting their news through other channels. In other words, Press Wireless and its owners were to be penalized even if the process involved penalizing innocent cable companies and innocent newspapers, not to mention millions of readers who were to be denied full access to the news at a crucial moment in world affairs. The Newspaper Guild of New York is to be commended for having asked its members not to handle Press Wireless copy, while refusing to extend the ban to other channels covered by the A. C. A. embargo.

✶

SINCE THE VIOLENT END OF BOLIVIA'S President Villaroel, other South American despots have been having nightmares in which lamp-posts are a prominent feature. The President of Paraguay two weeks ago went to the length of clearing the plaza before his palace of these dangerous weapons, and now the Argentine dictator appears to be similarly affected. When police tore down a placard with the legend "This post is waiting for President Perón," that idol of the people began to show signs of hysteria. "If anyone is thinking of a revolt," Perón announced to a group of his own officials, he himself would "act the week before." And growing still more graphic: "It is all a matter of giving a few feet of rope to the Descamisadas [his shirtless supporters], and then we will see who hangs." These and other such remarks confirm rumors in Buenos Aires that Perón's mixed following is already seriously disaffected, with certain labor and army groups getting set for a showdown. Inflated prices, wholesale thievery in high places, and factional ambitions appear to be mixing a bitter brew for Perón, whose regime meanwhile steadily takes on a deeper fascist coloration. It is characteristic that he talks of suppressing revolt not with the legitimate forces of government, but with his private following of 500,000 Descamisadas, which "with me at the head amounts to a million." He demands immediate formation of a "single party." And his Minister of Migration, inviting a thousand Norwegian quislings "of the best racial types" to settle in his country, bars the gate to refugees from Central Europe ("Argentina cannot put up with that useless human wreckage"). Perón discovers now, too late, that "to govern is not my profession." He is a soldier, he says, and he "will die fighting." So did Villaroel.

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WHILE THE CASUALTY LIST IN CALCUTTA rises to monstrous proportions—more than 3,000 killed and injured as we go to press—Congress Party leaders proceed grimly with the job of setting up India's new Provisional Government. The background of the last few days' events is carefully drawn by Shiva Rao in a dispatch from New Delhi on a later page; even when he wrote, the prospect of a peaceful transition was clouded by the Moslem threat of direct action to block British proposals and Congress attempts to act upon them. The communal fighting which followed inexorably upon Mr. Jinnah's declaration of "Direct Action Day" undoubtedly threatens the whole plan for a representative interim government. Jinnah has pointed up the violence of his followers by attacking the Congress leaders as "caste Hindu fascists" who want the rule over the Moslems with the backing of British bayonets and by flatly refusing to cooperate with the Provisional Government. In such a setting the possibility of compromise seems negligible. That India's hope of independence should be drowned in Indian blood is intolerable, but unless Mr. Jinnah changes his mind very suddenly or Viscount Wavell and Pandit Nehru make unexpected concessions, the new government would appear to be doomed at birth.

Battle of the Blocs

THE Paris Peace Conference spent its third week listening to and discussing statements made by the five defeated countries. Nothing in the debate, however, suggested any closer approach to a common purpose, or even an increased disposition to compromise opposing views. On the contrary, many of the speeches were couched in bitter terms and new controversies arose.

Mr. del Vayo, in the review of Russian foreign policy which appears on another page, deplores the fission of the late allies into competing blocs and describes the growing fear and suspicion of the western powers which he found in Moscow. The question of who began the game of bloc-building is an arguable one, but certainly there is nothing to be gained any longer by denying that such blocs exist. The nature of the divisions at the Paris conference offers too much evidence on that score.

The course of the voting on procedural questions indicated that the western group is considerably larger than the eastern. But what the Soviet bloc lacks in numbers it makes up in organization, and its discipline is much tighter. At no time has the care with which its strategy is planned been better demonstrated than during the past week when the reception given to the spokesmen of Hitler's satellites was clearly designed to

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emphasize that ex-enemies who followed the Moscow line would be given much greater consideration than ex-enemies who didn't, or even ex-allies. Thus de Gasperi's plea for a softening of the harsh Italian treaty terms was castigated by Molotov and still more severely by the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Edward Kartelj. But when Romania and Bulgaria made similar pleas, and asked to be given the status of co-belligerents, they found sponsors in the Soviet camp. Bulgaria, indeed, received the backing of the Ukraine and Poland for its demand that Greece cede to it part of Thrace so as to provide it with an outlet on the Aegean. Greece, on the other hand, a country which suffered enormously as a result of invasion by the Nazis and their allies, including Bulgaria, was treated with cold hostility by Soviet spokesmen and its claims for territorial compensation, which would give it better strategic frontiers, were derided.

The lesson conveyed by such differentiations was rubbed in by Molotov in a speech warning Italy and France against aligning themselves with America and Britain. "Certain great powers," he said, "are now trying to assure themselves of a position in the Mediterranean by attempting to relegate to the background not only Italy but also France." The Russian Foreign Minister went on to allege that Italy was in danger of "enslavement through foreign trusts and cartels" if it yielded to demands for special privileges by "foreign powers, disposing of great capital and vast means of pressure." This passage appears to have been an attack on the economic clauses which the United States wishes to insert in the Italian and other treaties with a view to insuring most-favored-nation treatment to all members of the United Nations and the exclusion of discriminatory trade agreements.

There have been many hints in the past few months that Russia was opposed to the whole American program for the freeing of international trade but none offered so direct a challenge as this speech of Molotov's. It provoked Byrnes to a heated reply, in the course of which he pointed out that the principle of equality of economic opportunity was embodied in the Atlantic Charter, reaffirmed in the United Nations Declaration, and restated in the joint declaration of the Potsdam Conference. "Would anyone seriously propose," he asked, "that an opposite intent be written into these treaties—that Italy or the Balkan countries should be free to discriminate in favor of some and against others of the Allied countries? . . . Would anyone suggest that those countries which were the principal objects of German economic penetration . . . should merely substitute for Germany some other country on which they would be almost entirely dependent for supplies and for markets? It is out of such arrangements, and not out of non-discriminatory trade, that enslavement and exploitation arise?"

These two speeches by the heads of the Soviet and American delegations glaringly reveal the almost insuperable difficulties of reconciling two totally opposite points of view. To the Russians the principles outlined by Byrnes appear simply as a device to further capitalist imperialism; to Americans, the bilateral agreements which the Soviets are concluding with the states within their sphere, often in conjunction with reparation agreements, look very much as if they were designed to insure economic subservience and to secure for Russian workers the benefits of "surplus value" created by the workers of other lands. Perhaps both are wrong but we have a ghastly feeling that probably both are right and that the battle of the blocs is, in part at least, a struggle, not between light and darkness, but between two varieties of big-power domination.

La Follette's Folly

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE'S defeat in the Republican primary is a doubly painful occurrence: first, because it removes from the Senate an extremely able and progressive legislator, and second, because La Follette needlessly brought about his own downfall. The simple political truth is that he had no business running in a Republican primary at all. When the Progressive Party appeared to be played out, La Follette was invited, urged, and begged to bring his following into the Democratic Party, which, though numerically weak, had a monopoly of the state's liberals who were not still clinging to the foundering ship of the Progressives. But, guided by his mercurial brother Phil, he chose to force himself and his followers on a stodgy Republican machine, which he fantastically expected to control through the adulterated magic of the La Follette name. Had the Republicans nominated him, he would, if elected, have taken back to Washington with him a delegation of reactionary party hacks, in contrast to the slate of liberal nominees put up by the Democrats. For the sake of his own election he would have paralyzed Wisconsin's liberal forces, already reeling from the blow of the Progressive Party's dissolution.

The result of this major political blunder was that thousands of former Progressives abandoned La Follette and went into the Democratic primary to roll up a vote for Howard McMurray, a confirmed New Dealer. The defection was enough to eliminate La Follette and give the Republican nomination to youthful Circuit Court Judge Joseph R. McCarthy, whose strategy was the simple one of taking any position that La Follette opposed. This ill-starred expediency was not the only burden that La Follette carried into the campaign. Both McMurray and McCarthy hammered away at La Follette's isolationist record, encouraged by the defeat of such other senatorial isolationists as Nye, Wheeler, Shipstead, and Gos-

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sett. Nor was La Follette helped in industrial areas by McMurray's reminders that in 1944 he had soured enough on the Roosevelt Administration to speak of the New Deal's "tarnished record" both at home and abroad. And then came the kiss of death—a letter from Senator Taft, widely circulated by McMurray, in which the man with the Senate's most brilliant nineteenth-century mind affirmed that he was ideologically closer to La Follette than to the liberal Republican Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon.

Having elected to cast his fortunes with the Republican Party, it would admittedly be difficult for La Follette to switch over to the Democrats on the strength of one intra-party setback. But the other courses open to him are even less attractive. He has too much integrity, we believe, to back McCarthy for the sake of a party regularity that he never proclaimed, and, with his own machine destroyed, he can hardly run much of a race as an independent. He will therefore either recognize his serious mistake, support McMurray in November, and join forces with the Democrats, who would welcome him with enthusiasm; or he will pitch a tent durable enough for one of the longest sulks on record.

The last of these possibilities would be a serious loss to the country. Even at the peak of his isolationism, La Follette scorned the unsavory associations that ruined the careers of lesser men like Nye and Wheeler. And on the positive side, his zealous protection of civil liberties, his contributions to the growth of labor's influence, and his recent—and partially successful—efforts to reorganize Congress along more orderly lines leave the nation very much in his debt. After twenty years of service in the Senate, Bob La Follette is only fifty now—far too young to bury his talents and experience either in private enterprise or in the Republican Party.

The Worlds of H. G. Wells

IT IS foolish to be solemn about the death of H. G. Wells; otherwise one could say, with perfect truth, that our century has lost its Diderot. But this was the man who snorted: "Don't interrupt me. Can't you see I'm busy dying?" It is more as if the last bluejay had died: we shall never again hear that bright, brash, busy, scolding voice, so opinionated and confident and alive, so sure that everything will come right in the end, if we can only somewhere find the sense to behave as the voice keeps telling and telling and telling us to behave.

In the end he outlived himself, as men do; and his last fretful attacks upon mankind—which he called obsolete—and the English royal family—which he called corrupt—had kept only the testiness and impatient violence of the real Wells. But he had left a little of himself in eighty books, and had left more of himself in a time and in the people of that time. For a decade he was the most influential writer in the world: readers went into his books as children go into a forest, and every one of them could come back with something different. For there were all the fantastic stories, full of a grotesque and plausible imagination that it would be libelous to pigeonhole as "scientific"; all the humorous genre pictures of that nation of shopkeepers, England; all those hortatory, didactic, journalistic "novels" of Mr. Britling or William Clissold or whatever megaphone Wells was using; speeches and interviews and articles about everything in the world; and, last and longest, all the volumes of that private, patiently elaborated encyclopedia which he might well have called "The Outline of the History, Evolution, Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind." He was a great journalist and propagandist and teacher; was even, sometimes, a good writer; but first of all he was a great work of nature, one of the wonders of the Western world. It is odd to think that, just as Diderot survives mostly in "Rameau's Nephew," Wells will survive mostly in a few stories.

Few people did more to destroy Victorianism; yet he was in a queer sense the last of the great Victorians, since he took one part of Victorianism—the vigorous and absolute trust in science and progress that he got from Huxley, his first teacher—and made from that a club with which he could beat everything else into pieces. How many times he told us that Science is the Means and the End and the Way; that it alone can sweep away all the outmoded rubbish of the past in which we miserable squatters are worrying out our petty existences; that sooner or later we must relinquish our destiny to those disinterested, impatiently efficient boards of scientific engineers that will build around us the future's barer and better world. Certainly he was not exaggerating the physical powers of science: today most of us can understand that, used as it seems it will be used, Science can sweep out of this world, along with the rest of the rubbish, most of that poor rubbish Humanity. But it has become harder and harder to believe in the existence of the boards; easier and easier to understand that Wells attacked confusion so violently because he himself was so confused, and admired nothing but clarity and reasonableness and efficiency because they were exactly what he himself never had. His conquests of the world had a curiously factitious quality, since they were accomplished not by overcoming obstacles one by one but by sweeping them all aside in a simple, magnificent, oblivious gesture. Between the Defoesque particulars and the cloud-like abstractions of his work there was a tactical vacuum that his moral enthusiasm and moral indignation could never hide.

And yet what a prophet he was, at his best. He was a man whose lifelong vocation was understanding what the next war—the First World War, the Second World War, the Third World War—was going to be like. It

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was not just that he predicted the atomic explosions, the disease-ridden and decimated populations, the radioactive areas bare of any life: he understood the confident generals, the petty and harried politicians, the worried and helpless scientists, the young fliers thoughtless as puppies—all the people who drop the bombs because they can think of no alternative. How unfortunate that this wasn't just one more mistake of that fertile, vigorous, and so often mistaken mind! But he was right; and all of us have been flung willy-nilly out of the world that created Wells into the most menacing of the worlds that Wells created.

What Price Groceries?

BY TRIS COFFIN

Washington, August 19

THE large and impressive Senate caucus room is the stage for some of the most exciting theatricals in Washington. There, under the blinding glare of the newsreel floodlights, Cordell Hull told the story of pre-war American foreign policy to the Pearl Harbor investigating committee. There husky Ed Pauley squirmed and perspired under the savage questioning of Senator Tobey of the Naval Affairs Committee. There the sordid story of war profits, of the slick Garsson boys and blustering Andrew Jackson May, was unfolded.

But for four days last week a deadly-serious social drama replaced this run of melodrama and tragedy. Instead of the usual array of Senators behind the long table, there were three men, members of the Price Decontrol Board. The big, friendly, white-haired man in the middle was Roy Thompson of New Orleans, chairman. To his left was Daniel Bell, a small, neat man with skeptical eyebrows and a cold, persistent curiosity. The man to the right, with a wrinkled forehead and tired eyes, was George Mead. Bell is a banker now, but for thirty-five years he was a model professional public servant. Mead is a Republican manufacturer who has served on a number of federal boards since 1933.

This board was a product of indecision, political fears, and deadlock. In the dying days of Congress, the House-Senate conference committee on price-control legislation was meeting morning, afternoon, and night. The big issue was food prices. The food lobby was piling on pressure to keep controls off; labor and the Administration were insisting that they be held on. Both sides threatened political revenge. The Senators and Congressmen were unhappy.

Finally, Senator Radcliffe of Maryland had an idea. Why not let someone else make this decision, say a board? The conferees brightened up—why sure, why should we take the heat? That was the genesis of the Decontrol Board.

For four days all the old arguments were repeated. There were the same statistics and charts and threats. The caucus room was taken over by the lobbyists.

But there was a different quality to these hearings. There was none of the anxious humility of Congressmen in the presence of bigtime lobbyists. The three board members were polite but neither enthusiastic nor cool when the big names of the farming and food industries sat before them.

Throughout the long hours of testimony and questioning, the basic issues and the opposing sides in this great economic battle gradually cleared. The most powerful segments of the food industry—the big farmers, the larger packing houses, the grocery chains, the larger distributors—were against price controls and subsidies. Their reasons were hinted at by two witnesses. One, representing small packers, said that under price control the small independents had been able to compete with the big boys. In an uncontrolled market, they would be squeezed out. Another witness, testifying for small milk farmers in the New York area, said that under subsidies the farmer made his reasonable profit. But now, he testified, with high prices the dealer is collecting the increase and the farmer is getting only a fraction.

There was a somewhat unreal quality to the testimony of the large farm organizations, the Farm Bureau and the Grange, which are tied to the anti-control group. Less than fifteen years ago the farmers were the radicals. They came to Washington demanding controls. Henry Wallace was their idol. The farmers had lost their big mass markets because city workers were without jobs. The farmers demanded action without precedent.

The first witness on Monday morning was Ed O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation and a political powerhouse. He is a suave old man with an amused twinkle in his blue eyes. For a longer time than he would care to admit, Ed O'Neal has been dictating farm policy in Washington, and electing and defeating candidates for offices from county commissioner to United States Senator.

O'Neal pooh-poohed all the talk about prices being too high. Of course some prices had risen above what most thinking farmers would like them to be, but, he

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said with a wag of his head, "Many of these price increases are not as great as they appear. Through much of the twenties and thirties, the consumer received his food at unreasonably low prices."

The Farm Bureau head forcefully, and with mountains of statistics, denied that the three conditions existed under which the board could decide to recontrol prices and authorize subsidies. These three conditions—written into the bill—are: food prices must have risen unreasonably since June 30, the products in question must be in short supply, and price controls must be practical.

All through the morning and into the afternoon, the grain farmers, dealers, and distributors hammered at their themes: a return to price control would mean black markets and less grain; there is plenty of grain for everyone; prices, really, are not too bad.

The first consumer witness was no match for the polished, confident, and well-armed professional lobbyists. She was nervous and easily flustered by the questions of the board. Her argument was simple and sincere: "Price rises threaten the basic cost of living. One-eighth of the food budget goes for grain products. Any rise in cereal prices would be a hardship for low-income groups."

A serious young man representing combined labor groups gave statistics destroying the myth that incomes are flushed and bank deposits stuffed. He testified that since the end of the war, the average weekly wage has dropped from $47 to $43. Savings are rapidly draining off. Half of American families have less than $500 left in savings.

Tuesday was meat day. Judge Montague herded his collection of husky, tanned men from the Western livestock farms into the chamber. The spokesman for the meat raisers was good-looking, self-assured Col. Jay L. Taylor. Mead chided him once, saying, "Don't you think you exaggerated the Congressional situation when you said Congress was unanimously opposed to controls?"

Taylor's voice grew hard, "If you want production, you might as well face the facts. You won't get production if you recontrol meat. Do you want production?"

It was a plain threat. Play our game or we strike. Mead asked him several other questions, but each time Taylor came back with the same answer: "Give us high prices and we'll produce."

Other witnesses were a little less blunt. A representative of the meat packers who looked like a well-dressed pig said, "Prices have not risen unreasonably. Prices are declining steadily. The supply picture is very favorable. Give us a little more time to prove we can provide meat at a reasonable cost."

The bald heads in lobbyists's row were startled by a defiant representative of the National Meat Industry Council, an organization of small packers. "The lapse of price controls," he said, "has been followed by price rises to record high levels. Meat prices have gone up from 20 to 50 per cent. These increases are in spite of large supplies. An uncontrolled market will force prices much above OPA plus subsidy."

The meat lobby was struck from another side by Herman Greenberg, formerly of OPA but now representing the New Council of American Business, who said sarcastically: "One of the gentlemen here this morning who cried the loudest about the black market was indicted and pleaded guilty to violation of price controls."

Greenberg said livestock prices have gone up 34 per cent in a month's time and that this is only a beginning; that retail meat prices in Washington shot up 73 per cent over June 30 ceilings.

Boris Shishkin, the lanky economist for the A. F. of L., dropped a gentle warning in the laps of the board. "The A. F. of L.," he said, "has strongly urged its affiliated unions to follow a policy of restraint in collective bargaining on wages. We have a specific program to help achieve greater production. We have taken these steps because of labor's hope that stable transition to full production is still possible with the aid of effective price control." Shishkin paused just a moment. "However, the patience of American wage earners is running out. The American worker will not sit idly by watching his weekly wage dwindle before his eyes."

The most dramatic witness of the whole hearing was Mrs. Frances Silverman, a young, very pretty, and indignant Brooklyn housewife, representing the Buyers' Strike Committee. Her angry dark eyes flashed as she charged: "Congress was derelict. If necessary, we'll organize buyers' strikes across the country so meat will rot in the slaughterhouses. Then maybe we can all eat, and not just the rich."

The next morning, Wednesday, Tom Linder, Commissioner of Agriculture from Georgia and venomous foe of the New Deal, made an attack on the integrity of the board. He slyly quoted a Washington news letter and Fulton Lewis to the effect that the board was "fixed" and its employees were all OPAers. This brought the first anger from the board members. By turn, they told Linder that they resented his statements. But the groundwork was laid. If the board decides for decontrols, the opponents have their alibi.

The final witness Thursday night was Phil Murray, fresh from a meeting downtown of C. I. O. leaders. His was a broadside attack on Congress for letting inflation get started, upon OPA for not fighting harder against it, and on the enemies of control. He spoke gloomily in his soft Scotch burr of "inflation and depression" and told the board: "It is your solemn duty and responsibility to put a stop to rising prices."

The big caucus room quickly cleared. The lights were turned off. And the three men went home to mull over the problem of the nation's grocery bill.

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Will Russia Break With the West?

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, August 12

THE recurring crises in the inter-Allied negotiations give rise at regular intervals to predictions that a final break is imminent. This has happened at some point in the course of every international meeting since the war ended but I have always felt sure, and have expressed my certainty in *The Nation,* that a break would not take place—not on the initiative of the Russians, in any case. Today, returning to Paris from Moscow in the midst of a new crisis, I still refuse to accept current rumors of an inevitable, disastrous break. No matter how tense the situation may become during the week ahead, I am confident that even at the last moment a way out will be discovered. For Russia, from which the difficulties are generally expected, will never of its own accord take the responsibility of bringing about the collapse of the frail structure of international cooperation that emerged from the war.

Russia's foreign policy, whether one approves of it or not, has, in this period of weakness and confusion, one distinguishing characteristic: it knows exactly where it is going. Besides this, it knows how far to go, where to stop, when to reduce its speed or even to retreat. And the limit Moscow sets is the line beyond which lies the imminent threat of war. This is why in my first article I emphasized the Russians' will to peace; in spite of the apparent rigidity and intransigence displayed by Molotov and his colleagues, that will still dominates Moscow's foreign policy.

The Soviet Union not only knows its own course; it knows as much as can be known about the purposes and plans of the Western powers, so often contradictory or even hard to discover. People talk about the growing isolation of the Kremlin; but if by this they mean that the government is not fully aware of the growth of anti-Russian feeling in the West during the last six months, they are greatly mistaken. Talking to many Russians who had never left Moscow, I might easily have believed that they had just stepped out of a plane from Washington. American opinion is followed with extreme care.

This is natural, and not only because of the weight and importance of the United States—today the only other really great power. Soviet concern derives also from the hope that was formerly placed in America; for it was to the United States that Russia looked to maintain in the first years of peace the collaboration which made possible Allied military victory. In that short-lived hope a personal factor played a decisive part and might have exercised a tremendous influence on early post-war developments, if death had not intervened. The loss of Franklin D. Roosevelt was a disaster that today seems to loom larger in the minds of Soviet citizens than of Americans. Russians are acutely aware of the service he rendered when, against the advice of his doctors, he traveled to Yalta to establish a basis of mutual understanding for the difficult period that was just opening. There in the Crimea, as at no previous meeting, Roosevelt won the confidence of Stalin and with it the confidence of the Russian people. General Catroux, the able French Ambassador to Moscow, told me how ordinary Russians had reacted to the news of Roosevelt's death; there was, said the Ambassador, "general consternation."

Had Roosevelt lived, American-Soviet relations, in the opinion of most informed Russians, would have followed a different course. Old reciprocal suspicions, which for more than two decades had hampered normal dealings between Russia and the Western Powers, had already been reduced to relatively harmless proportions; but even confidence and understanding, however important, needed to be buttressed by the broad, statesmanlike attitude of the late President. The most striking thing about Roosevelt's handling of the Russian issue was his capacity to relegate to second place aspects of Soviet policy with which he disagreed and to stake everything on Russia's undoubted desire to maintain the coalition among the Allies and extend it to the problems of the peace. At Yalta, in particular, he held to that major purpose and subordinated his disagreement on less crucial matters. The essential role of mediator, so clearly reserved for the United States, has found no successor to Roosevelt. Only an amateur of diplomacy like Mr. Bullitt—a man can hold the highest diplomatic post and remain an amateur—could have wanted the President to burn all his bridges on, let us say, the issue of Poland; the same sort of people here in Paris—one meets them every day—are again eagerly waiting for the moment when a sonorous Anglo-Saxon fist descends upon the conference table and ends the show, throwing Russia forever out of the community of nations.

To remain faithful to the idea of cooperation with the Soviet Union does not mean accepting every move Moscow makes. I believe the situation in most of the Eastern European countries after the war was naturally so favorable to the Russians that even in their own interest they

THIS IS THE SECOND article in a series by The Nation's *European editor, reporting on his recently completed trip to the Soviet Union. Mr. Del Vayo's third article will deal with the new Five Year Plan.*

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could have used tactics which would have provoked less opposition inside and less excitement abroad. It is not that I take much stock in the pre-war democracy of the Balkan and Danubian states where, with the exception of Poland and Rumania during a short period, no honest free election had ever been held, but I am sure that genuinely anti-fascist, capable people, now excluded, could have been drawn into the revolutionary effort to break the feudal basis of those once-Nazi puppet states.

When the Soviet Government established relations with Argentina a few months ago, I found the arguments made in support of that decision wholly unconvincing; and today, when Perón boasts of being the first Argentine president in twenty-eight years who has received a Russian Ambassador, I am still skeptical, knowing very well that he is ready—as one of his latest speeches revealed—to take the leadership in any anti-Russian movement that may develop in South America.

I have always disapproved of those too-clever decisions in foreign policy that confuse the people regarding the main issue. But specific points of difference do not incline me to join those who maintain that Russian policy is directed only toward territorial expansion, new markets, and mastery of the world. I still believe that one of Moscow's chief objects is the destruction of fascism—not only in words but through acts, as in the Russian zone of Germany. While no one can deny that very real conflicts of interest would have challenged even the best efforts of post-war diplomacy, it is equally true that four or five years of honest effort to work together in the spirit Roosevelt established at Yalta might have done much to overcome difficulties and stitch together the fabric of international relations. Once a common progressive policy had been established, differences in economic structure and method would not have presented an insuperable obstacle. Soviet policy has allowed for such differences ever since the economic conference of 1927 when Russia announced that the peaceful coexistence of capitalist and communist states was possible "during the transition period in which we are now living." If there were ever a "transition period" justifying such collaboration, it was the reconstruction period which followed the victory.

It is difficult to fix the precise moment when things started to deteriorate, but I believe the U. N. meeting in London last January marked the point at which mutual distrust and ill-feeling began clearly to dominate the relations between Russia and the Western powers. It was there that the talk of blocs and the organization of blocs emerged as a major disturbing factor.

Since then, the evil effect of this division among the nations has spread fast, building up suspicion on both sides. From Moscow the Western bloc, anchored securely in the New World and constructed with American and British material, is seen as much more than a loose association of Western European nations. Russians watch with distrust every combination, whether it takes the form of an attempt to revive the Balkan Entente or to carry out the Vatican plan of uniting France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal—with an eye to wider connections in Latin America. The ingrained suspicion which led Chicherin in the twenties to regard the League of Nations as an instrument directed by the Western bourgeois world against the new revolutionary state, is coming to life again in relation to the U. N. I met this feeling on all sides. Russians are beginning to say that nothing has changed since 1917 in the attitude of the big capitalist nations; that the same old story is starting again, though with one great difference—the immense strength of present-day Russia. They even suggest that if Russia were not so strong, the peace would be made without it and against it.

Russian suspicions are increased by the fact that the people who are talking most about a new war are also those who openly advocate a Western bloc. In this context, British-American collaboration looks less like a natural coincidence of similar views on democracy and peace than a joint effort to insure Anglo-Saxon hegemony. Events since San Francisco have fortified these suspicions. Russians feel that not only have attempts to expand the Soviet area of influence been met by the combined opposition of Britain and the United States, but that the U. S. S. R. has even had to fight hard to maintain the positions granted it in the various conferences from Teheran to Potsdam. But more than any specific dispute or friction, the thing that gives Soviet distrust a serious aspect is the widespread belief in Russia that the concept of an anti-fascist war has ceased to exist among the other Allied powers.

One hears in Moscow much speculation about the reasons for America's changed attitude toward Russia and for the expanding partnership in foreign policy between the Anglo-Saxon powers. Russians see the United States supporting Britain's attempt to prevent the Soviet Union and other Eastern European states from gaining full access to the Mediterranean. In the long run even partisans of a "strong policy" toward Russia admit that this drive cannot be stopped; but it can perhaps be delayed until the "equilibrium of forces," to use a classic diplomatic cliché, has somehow been restored, or until the British feel stronger, or until the proposed American Mediterranean fleet bcomes a reality. In this unquestioning support of Britain by the United States, Russians see the total collapse of the anti-fascist idea. They see American policy adding its strength to that of Britain in Spain and Greece and everywhere else in the Mediterranean. They see Anglo-Saxon collaboration rising above obviously opposed interests in the Middle East in order to safeguard weakened British positions. They see Ameri-

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can policy in Palestine hesitating and insist that were it not for the Jewish vote, the United States would undoubtedly support Britain's effort to maintain there a last stronghold along the Middle-Eastern communications line. In China they see conflict of interest between the United States and Britain again subordinated (this time Britain making the chief concessions) to the need of maintaining a common front against all other powers; they see the Kuomintang right-wing supported to a point which threatens new difficulties with Russia. And they watch attentively the gradual shift in American policy in Japan towards a more conciliatory treatment of those elements responsible for the war.

Seeing all this, Russians question more and more whether it is only "common loyalty to the ideals of Western democracy" which brings the Anglo-Saxon powers together as the nucleus of a Western bloc. The fear of an opposing coalition inspires every move made by the Russians in the U. N. It is this which explains their persistent opposition to any weakening of the Security Council in favor of the Assembly, where "combinations" are easier to arrange; their attitude on the veto issue; and even their objection to the Baruch plan and the later American memorandum on atomic energy, which would create a system of control that might, they fear, be used to undermine the Security Council.

From the moment the division of the world into two blocs came to be accepted as a fact, the Russians have automatically rejected solutions of problems which might have been relatively simple to deal with had the Roosevelt policy remained in force. We have seen this, above all, in matters touching Russian security. We have seen the conflicts of interest between Russians and Anglo-Americans transplanted to the soil of Germany where explosive material is still heaped high and the chances of a revival of Nazism are rapidly increasing. One may blame the Russians as much as one likes for the present deadlock in Germany, or argue that the Eastern bloc preceded the Western bloc. But what one must realize is that the Russians, watching the anti-Soviet wave mount in the chancelleries and the international conferences, will hardly refrain from carrying out a policy in their zone which they believe offers them a measure of security both against external attack and the rise of internal reaction. Mr. Sumner Welles was right when he wrote on July 25 in the Paris *Herald Tribune:* "The Soviet government has been eminently successful in achieving its objective within the Russian zone of Germany," while "the British and American governments have failed to carry out any integrated or democratic program within their zone. Political confusion and economic prostration are intrinsically as great as when the occupation began."

Together with the attitudes of the Great Powers, certain obvious tendencies in the internal political life of many Continental countries contribute to the mistrust in Russia. I dealt abundantly with these tendencies in my article on "The Western Catholic Bloc" in *The Nation* of June 29, and I need not discuss them here. But in Moscow, the theory that the Vatican has become the rallying point of all reactionary, anti-Soviet policies is widely endorsed. People say: The Vatican is no longer "above the battle"; it is "in the battle." Besides, Russians are wary of certain Socialist leaders who have become energetic promoters of the idea of a Western bloc.

I have always believed that even its own security would have been better guarded if Russia had followed a consistently democratic policy everywhere, attracting through such a policy the active support of the progressive forces in every country. I have believed that if in 1945, just as the war ended, Russia had spoken out clearly, not only on the colonial issue, where its stand has from the beginning been firm, but on the general issue of the fight against fascism; if it had made a series of concrete proposals for bringing that fight to a successful finish and had put the adversaries of a people's peace on the defensive, the present state of things could never have developed. But whether or not such a policy would have succeeded, today we must acknowledge that the revival of reaction has moved faster than anyone expected; rival blocs are coalescing, and if the left is still strong in Europe, as compared with the United States, and still has a chance of winning the battle, the attitude of certain elements among the Socialists and the rivalry between Socialists and Communists have for the moment greatly reduced the possibility of creating any kind of popular front capable of neutralizing reactionary intrigues. In this situation Russia is likely to rely less on such hopes than on consolidating its own strength. Nor are its intentions modified by the general run of persons who represent Western diplomacy in Moscow and elsewhere in Europe. Able, serious persons are to be found among the gossips and snobs in every foreign service; but it must be said that all over Europe, in diplomatic posts and in conferences like the present one at Paris, one sees an army of survivors of all the Munichs carrying on as before the war, spreading poison and doing all they can to dramatize and make impassable the differences between Russia and the West. The activity of these men not only partly accounts for the rising wind of suspicion that propels Russia's foreign policy, it also helps to discredit and often to distort the policy of the West, dissipating recklessly the good will created with such patient effort by President Roosevelt.

Neither they nor any other influences, however, will succeed in bringing about a break. The Russians will ride out any storm that rises in the Conference of Paris, whether they are blamed for it or whether they blame the West. They may not be confident of the future, but they are determined not to give up the United Nations.

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Prairie Socialism

BY J. KING GORDON

II. The CCF Moves Ahead

Regina, August 10

DURING the last few days in this city on the flat wheat plains of western Canada, I have been doing some thinking about the future of the Canadian progressive movement in politics in comparison with the outlook for American progressives. I have come to the conclusion that Canadians are much more advantageously situated. Whereas in the United States the progressive forces appear to be hopelessly split into competing factions, uncertain as to political program and utterly lacking in an over-all national organization, the Canadian movement expressing itself in the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation has reached a strength and maturity that equips it to challenge the wave of political and economic reaction that is plainly visible.

The CCF national convention which has just concluded brought together an impressive group of political leaders from every one of Canada's nine provinces. The mining regions of the maritime provinces were represented, as were the rich farm lands of Prince Edward Island and the Annapolis Valley. French Canada had an impressive group of young men who contributed an élan frequently absent from the serious-minded deliberations of their English-speaking comrades. Metropolitan Ontario had its spokesmen, too, but the most impressive of its industrial representatives, Charlie Millard, of the United Steelworkers, was occupied in Ottawa with the deadlocked negotiations on Canada's great steel strike. The prairie provinces, where the CCF was born fourteen years ago, had representation from every federal constituency—progressive farmers, trade unionists, teachers, and preachers. Canada's new north, rich in mines and forest industries, and where the CCF shows greatest political strength next to the prairies, sent its delegates from Sudbury, Cochrane, Cobalt, The Pas, and Flin Flon. The west coast, old in its socialist and trade-union tradition, sent men and women who might have come out of the left-wing of the British Labor Party.

It is, chiefly, this national character of the CCF which distinguishes it from the scattered movements in the United States and gives the greatest promise for the future. While it is true that the great majority of the twenty-eight CCF members in the Canadian parliament come from the province of Saskatchewan, with its firmly installed CCF government, the 800,000 votes the movement polled in the federal election of 1944—twice the 1940 total—are widely distributed across Canada. For example, in the last provincial elections in Ontario, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, and British Columbia, the CCF vote totaled more than 650,000, and in two of the provinces, British Columbia and Manitoba, the CCF is the official opposition, in each case having forced its chief opponents to form a coalition government.

The national strength and unity of the CCF, its success in eliminating sectionalism and factionalism, derives from a well-worked-out socialist program specifically designed to meet Canadian political and economic problems. I was at the last CCF convention held in Regina in 1933. The movement was just one year old and the main job was to work out a statement of principles and a program which would bind into a working unity widely separated farmer and labor groups from half a dozen provinces and a score of cities. That first Regina convention is still looked upon as the most fascinating in the movement's history. For the differences were real and openly expressed. The eastern farmer from the long-settled regions of Ontario spoke a different language from his farm cousin on the western plains. The urban trade unionists had not yet got into harness with the rural progressives. The doctrinaire Marxists looked with suspicion on the Fabian socialists from the eastern universities. But out of the strenuous debate and the common necessity of saving the Canadian people from capitalist waste and exploitation, came a basic agreement; and the Regina Manifesto became the credo of the CCF. When Walter Nash, Foreign Minister of New Zealand's Labor Government, read the text he remarked to the CCF parliamentary leader, M. J. Coldwell, that it was "the finest statement of socialist principles and program in the English language." In the subsequent years of the movement the Regina Manifesto has saved it from political compromise, and unwise coalitions and affiliations, and has provided a basis for political education, the influence of which has extended far beyond CCF ranks. Some day soon, American liberals and progressives are going to have to abandon the course of expediency that seems to be dictated by political "realism" and hammer out a similar national program.

The convention that ended last night divided its time between problems of organization and problems of national and international concern to a socialist movement. The CCF in its early days reflected the provincial self-consciousness which has characterized Canada as a whole,

J. KING GORDON, The Nation's *managing editor, here concludes his two-part report on Canada's Cooperative Commonwealth Federation Party.*

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and which today blocks the Dominion government's scheme to recast federal-provincial relationships. In the case of the CCF there has been some gain from the original emphasis on the provincial organization: witness the conquest of political power in Saskatchewan. On the other hand the priority of the provincial organizations has weakened the national office by starving it of needed financial support. Only the outstanding ability of the national officers—Coldwell, David Lewis, the national secretary, Professor F. R. Scott, the national chairman, and other parliamentary leaders and research assistants—has compensated for an inadequate budget. This convention deliberately moved away from the provincial base by establishing a national membership with fees paid in directly to the national office. Next year will see a greatly expanded staff in Ottawa, increased research and publication, and stepped-up organizational activity in sections where the movement is still weak. In the organization of local units—and a vast amount of work in this field needs doing in the eastern provinces—the provincial organizations will, of course, have to bear the major share of responsibility.

In its discussion of national affairs the convention in effect endorsed the day-by-day efforts of the CCF members of parliament. Whether a resolution condemned the Liberal government for its cold-blooded policy toward Japanese Canadians or its suspension of civil liberties in the recent spy case or its labor policy exemplified in the present steel strike, it was simply restating the case that the CCF had urged repeatedly on the floor of the House. The resolutions on social security, price contral, a housing program, a health program, all urged nationally the implementation of policies already being carried out within the limits of provincial jurisdiction by the Saskatchewan CCF government.

In international affairs the CCF viewpoint has broadened greatly. In the years before the war, disillusionment with the appeasement policy of the great powers, a basic preoccupation with domestic economic matters, and a socialist suspicion of the joint aims of capitalist nations had forced the CCF into a position not far removed from that held by the pre-war American socialist party. During the war this view of international affairs changed drastically. The CCF was thoroughly behind the Canadian war effort, and its members have played a leading part in Canada's participation in the various agencies of the United Nations. The convention expressed deep regret over the failure of the British Labor government to accept the report of the Anglo-American Commission on Palestine. It urged that Canadian delegates to the United Nations Assembly be instructed to press for the severance of diplomatic relations with Franco and for recognition of the Spanish government-in-exile, and demanded that "economic and other measures as provided in Article 41 of the United Nations charter be applied as far as is necessary to assist the people of Spain to rid themselves of Franco and his fascist government and regain political democracy." It called for the adoption of a scheme of atomic energy control—nationally through an Atomic Control Board which would undertake research and develop atomic power for peaceful ends through publicly owned enterprise, and internationally through such an agency as is described in the Baruch plan. The sympathetic relationship between the CCF and other democratic socialist and labor parties throughout the world was frequently stressed: Sam Watson, M.P., made a special trip from London to Regina to carry the fraternal greetings of the British Labor Party.

The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation appraises its strength and weakness realistically. It has on the credit side an impressive record of fourteen years growth, a national unity transcending sectional and provincial difference, and a program that has forced rival old-time parties to set more advanced social goals. Its national leadership is distinguished. A youth movement is recruiting new members and accepting a corporate responsibility in the affairs of the national movement. On the debit side is a numerical and organizational weakness, particularly in the eastern provinces where it must rally much greater strength than in the past if it is to make a serious bid for power. The trade unions, whose battle for recognition the CCF has fought vigorously since its inception, are generally sympathetic but have so far failed to enter wholeheartedly into the movement; the non-political-action tradition of the international unions still unfortunately persists.

To some extent these are the weaknesses of a young movement that will be automatically conquered if the CCF continues the aggressive campaign of political action it has prosecuted in its first fourteen years. Meanwhile, its adversaries are not sleeping. We have already noted the coalitions formed in certain provinces to keep the CCF from office. During the last federal campaign, a nation-wide campaign of scare-mongering and defamation was carried on by so-called public-relations counsels in Toronto. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were poured into slanderous propaganda to discredit the CCF. Today the attack on price controls, on trade-union security, on social legislation is being pressed by big business in the same concerted fashion as in the United States. The recent Dominion-provincial conference, aimed at assisting the provinces in their social-security program and bringing necessary taxing power back to the federal government, was jettisoned by the combined efforts of the Conservative premiers of Ontario and Quebec, representing the wealthiest interests in eastern Canada. The immediate focus of attack is Saskatchewan. The mortgage companies, the insurance companies, the Canadian Pacific Railway, are aiming their blasts at those measures the CCF government has passed to provide security for the

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people and curtail the exploiting power of the large corporations. The next years will see a more intensive attack from manufacturing and financial interests and the old-time parties who fear above all else the rising strength of a people's movement pledged to eliminate monopoly and inaugurate a planned economy. The CCF leaders and membership are quite aware of this imminent showdown. It is a challenge they are prepared to meet.

Cowboy on Our Side

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Potlatch, Idaho

PAPPY O'DANIEL has prejudiced decent people against cowboy singers in politics, but forty-two-year-old Glen H. Taylor is doing his level best to dissipate that prejudice. Less than twenty months ago Glen Taylor was a young fellow who wheeled into Idaho towns in a sound truck, yodeled Oh, Susanna! and talked international cooperation and a Columbia Valley Authority. Today he is senior Senator from Idaho, occupying the seat which William E. Borah held for more than three decades.

Perhaps because he worked in a sheet-metal plant during the war and eats in the employees' cafeteria instead of the Senators' dining room, Glen dares to rush up legislative gorges where even the most doughty liberals fear an ambush. He alone among the members of the Senate is instituting ouster proceedings against Mississippi's Bilbo, recently renominated after urging intimidation and violence against Negro citizens.

The customary senatorial amenities have no place in Glen's book. Colleague or no colleague, Bilbo has encouraged violation of the Constitution of the United States, so Glen contends he should not be allowed to sit in the Senate. He sees scant value in the deference which Senators pay to each other; to him, senatorial courtesy is another way of winking at skullduggery.

A group of Senators recently told *Pageant Magazine* that Glen was the least effective member of the Senate. The wish may be father to the thought, for right now Glen is challenging another cherished senatorial prerogative—the privilege of so distorting and diffusing one's voting record on vital issues that a Philadelphia lawyer could not figure it out. Glen has introduced a resolution calling on Congress to publish at the end of each session a "tabulation of the voting records of all members on all roll-calls, together with a brief description of the issues voted upon." This proposal has, understandably, deeply offended many of Glen's colleagues.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, magazine writer and journalist, once served in the Oregon State Assembly. He is the author of several books on political and social problems of the Northwest.

This cowboy crooner recently took time out to drive home to Idaho. His mission was to bring about the defeat of the state's reactionary junior Senator, Charles Gossett. In the primaries Glen backed a Snake River Valley lawyer named George Donart. Most of the press and practically all Democratic Party officials supported Gossett, whom Taylor accused of being "a Republican in disguise." He said Gossett had voted for Hoover in '28.

The boys around the cigar stores in Boise and Coeur d'Alene were wagering 3 to 1 on Gossett nine days before the election. Then the "least effective" member of the Senate hit the state with his sound truck. He stopped the truck on street corners, at village squares, and along backwoods roads. He said George Donart was a Roosevelt liberal, but that Gossett was "just a stooge for the corporation crowd and there's too many of that kind of men in Washington, D. C., already." The result of the primaries was Senator Gosset, 14,460 votes, George Donart, 16,308. In addition, Idaho's Democratic vote exceeded the Republican total.

Taylor admits to being "an uneducated fellow," but the reactionary clique on Capitol Hill is wary of his sharp tongue. Ira Mosher, of the National Association of Manufacturers, testifying against the Full Employment bill, warned that the President could forecast a boom which would upset the business economy. Glen Taylor replied from the Banking Committee table, "President Hoover proclaimed a boom almost every day, as I recall, and none developed."

Pappy O'Daniel and Glen Taylor both can croon Clementine, but there the resemblance ceases. They vote opposite ways on practically every bill. Pappy is a flour salesman who was brought up in Ohio and later moved to Texas and emphasized the "Lee" in his name. Nothing synthetic tinges Glen Taylor's association with the region he represents in the United States Senate. He was born in Oregon and reared in Kooskia, Idaho (pop. 411). Glen could look out the attic window of his father's house and see the trail which Lewis and Clark had blazed along the Clearwater River.

Glen was number twelve among thirteen Taylor offspring. This ample family proved useful to Glen's father, Pleasant John Taylor, a traveling minister who preached in mining camps and sawmills. Pleasant John staged

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heart-rending melodramas to finance his preaching. His family provided the cast.

Glen herded sheep in the Bitterroots for a while, then married a girl named Dora Pike who could sing and dance. They formed their own vaudeville troupe—the Glendora Players. When the depression hit in 1929, farmers brought fryers and sacks of potatoes and traded them for tickets. Glen played the guitar and Dora sang. Many times their pockets were empty, and they were only a few steps ahead of a real-life sheriff.

Glen Taylor *Seligson*

In 1932, practically broke, Glen read a book that was a milestone in his career. It was "A New Deal," by Stuart Chase. That started him thinking. Why were people hungry in a land of plenty. A tract by King C. Gillette, the safety-razor king, made him think still more along this line—Gillette wanted every citizen to be a stockholder in the United States of America. Glen became interested in politics. In between performances with ukelele, banjo, and guitar he tried without success to form a Farmer-Labor Party. His failure convinced him that the Democratic Party under Franklin D. Roosevelt was the only practical vehicle for the common people to ride.

In 1940 Glen won the Democratic nomination for Senator to finish William Borah's unexpired term. He lost in the finals, but found that folks would listen to a man who interspersed Stuart Chase-Franklin Roosevelt economics with cowboy ballads. Two years later Taylor campaigned the state on a white saddle horse and again was Democratic senatorial nominee. Once more he lost in the general election, but this time it was only by 3,700 votes.

Glen joined the A. F. of L. sheet-metal workers and got a job in a San Francisco war plant, the management of which was astonished to find a two-time nominee for the United States Senate toiling at a shop machine. In 1944 he tried for the third time. "You make it in war plants," Glen told Idaho's ranchers, "and the grocer takes it away from you. Don't let anybody ever tell you there's a fortune in *that* work. You only see the money as it goes past your nose."

In the primaries Glen edged out Senator D. Worth Clark, and in the general election he defeated C. A. Bottolfson, the state's Republican governor. A year later Senator John Thomas died, and the singing cowboy became senior Senator from Idaho.

Senatorial offices are associated in the public mind with marble archways, overstuffed leather chairs, and a heavy Olympian atmosphere. Glen and Dora run their office in Room 244, Senate Office Building, without the usual senatorial solemnity. Their two sons, P. J. and Glen Arod (Dora spelled backwards), run through the rooms and leap into the Senator's lap, shouting, "I love you, Daddy." The secretary is a gray-haired Rhodes Scholar named George Curtis who hates Washington's pavements and phoney atmosphere and wants to go back to Idaho and teach literature in a country school.

Some staid liberals have been a little shocked by this ally of theirs from the Bitterroots. They like Glen's advocacy of a Columbia Valley Authority, and they admire his courage in assailing Bilbo and senatorial vote-dodging. But they gulp a little when they turn a radio dial and hear Idaho's senior Senator, under the coaching of Fred Allen's Senator Claghorn, chanting It Ain't Gonna Rain No More, No More. Glen's friends insist you don't have to be stuffy in order to be liberal. They also claim there is no reason why a technique for getting voters to listen to political speeches should be surrendered completely to the reactionaries.

A Senator without inhibitions is unusual in Washington. Even some fighting liberals take themselves pretty seriously. A widely-read document in Idaho is Glen Taylor's story of how he and his family finally found a place to live. They visited all of Washington's neighborhoods but refused to pay merely to be "elite." They balked at $250 a month rent, and at length bought a place in the Southeast section for $15,000. "That's a fearful lot of money," he explained, "but not as much as $250 a month for six years."

As for nepotism, Glen met the issue head-on: "Mrs. Taylor works in my office. She always has worked with me, as everybody in Idaho knows. In fact, if she weren't working too, I would despair of making ends meet."

When Glen first got to Washington, several reporters asked him to pose on the Capitol steps with his guitar. He said he would rather not but agreed to do so if the boys would give him a break when he had something to say in favor of Henry Wallace or against big business. The reporters promised full reciprocity, so Glen cocked his Stetson back on his head and sang a cowboy refrain with the majestic dome of the Capitol towering overhead. Dora, P. J., and Glen Arod surrounded him affectionately as he yodeled.

"I expected a lot of criticism about my lack of dignity," says Idaho's senior Senator, "but you know, it didn't turn out half bad. I got a whole batch of friendly letters from all over the United States saying that folks were glad a human being had been elected to the Senate instead of a stuffed shirt."

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Hungarian Holocaust

BY HILDE SPIEL

Budapest, July 30

THE wildest inflation in history has ravaged Hungary during these last weeks. Life was insane, a sad joke drawn out almost beyond the endurance of the ordinary man or woman. From one hour to the next prices doubled and trebled. In May, when the pengoe stood at six million billion to the dollar, a monetary index figure called a "tax pengoe" was introduced to make the collection of taxes possible. By its merely fictitious and nominal existence, it killed the existing currency and then whirled off to dizzy heights of its own. At this writing the smallest note in circulation is one million tax pengoes—roughly a day's salary for an average employee and barely enough to cover his streetcar fare. Nobody pays rent in Budapest. The shops are filled with foodstuffs and all kinds of luxury goods, but no one on a salary, from Prime Minister to chambermaid, can hope to buy them.

Until a week ago a Hungarian wanting more than twenty-four hours' security tried to obtain black-market dollars. If he was lucky enough to get his hands on one, he would hold it until as late in the day as possible so as to secure the best possible price, yet still allow time for his wife to take the several hundred million tax pengoes to the market ten minutes before closing time—and with them buy a few green paprikas, a head of cabbage, a pound of tomatoes, and a kilo of apricots.

But when the death penalty was introduced for illegal dollar traffic, there were only two ways left for the average family to survive. One was through the calory-wage paid by business firms and factories to their employees. These men have become literally the breadwinners of the family: they bring home, every few days, a supply of white flour, cooking oil, fats, eggs, potatoes, or onions "paid" to them by the factory. The other way is by barter. Budapest, at all times a picturesque city, is today noisy with the clucking of hens that are carried about in shopping baskets. Its boulevards are soiled with rotting cabbage leaves dropped from the rucksacks of city workers. All over town barefooted peasant women trade farm produce, not only against clothes, shoes, porcelain, and silverware, but also against small but no less precious things like matches, saccharine, and sewing cotton. One is reminded of René Clair's old movie about moneyless Ruritania, in one scene of which a farmer hands over a spring chicken in payment for his aperitif, receives three eggs in lieu of change, and tips the waiter one.

All this would seem grotesque in a country which used to be the richest granary and fruit-producer in the Danubian basin. But there are a number of very real reasons, both economic and political, for the present situation. It is impossible to understand them, however, without remembering what happened here last year. When the first coalition government was formed by General Miklos in the provincial town of Debreczen during December, 1944, some of Hungary's gold reserve lay frozen in the United States and Switzerland. It remained frozen throughout the first year the government was in office, and only very recently were promises made to return it to the Hungarian National Bank. All the remaining gold reserve had been removed by the retreating German army to what is now the U. S. zone of Germany. Meanwhile, the government had to pay its own excessively large, and as yet unreduced, staff of civil servants, as well as issue liberal credits in order to get the country's industry in motion. Then the Red Army began to print notes to pay its soldiers, and soon the tremendous burden of occupation and reparation costs made itself felt.

The situation was further complicated by the political anomaly of a government composed of four parties with conflicting aims. The Smallholders' Party, led by Tildy, represented the conservative democratic interests in the country. In their desire to purge Hungary of fascist ideology, they found a common platform with Socialists and Communists, as well as with the National Peasant Party of non-Marxist, agrarian revolutionaries. They could even agree on a three-point program, of which the foremost point was land reform. This agrarian revolution, one must remember, was long overdue in feudal Hungary; yet even after the war the political demand for partition of the big estates did not come from the peasants themselves, much as they desired it. It was initiated by the intellectuals of all parties who first assembled in Debreczen. When land reform was subsequently introduced, it was done on orders from the capital, with no angry farmers evicting landlords from their estates. Most landlords had fled from the advancing Red Army, and the farmer looted house, larder, granary, storeroom, and stables, removing foodstuffs and seeds; but he was afraid to touch the land. Officials sent down from Budapest to divide up property among the peasants naturally encountered determined resistance from the bailiffs left in charge. These men used every kind of ruse and rumor to prevent the farmers' accepting the land offered them

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for cultivation: the British Army was just across the border, ready to march in and hang every peasant found in possession of his master's land; or the new Hungarian regime would fall as speedily as did the 1919 Commune. Also, no title deeds had yet been forthcoming from Budapest. How could a farmer call land his own that he could not prove was his by deed and letter?

For these reasons the land was left unsown, and the harvest was meager, with disastrous results to the economy of the country. But there were other difficulties weakening the government's grip on the country and thereby contributing to inflation. Enemies to the reconstruction campaign were to be found not only among the feudal landlords; there were also a number of large financiers left in Hungary, besides a large and bloated bureaucracy—staffed mainly from the ranks of second sons and poor relations of estate owners and industrialists. And though in 1944 the Smallholders' Party had fully agreed to land reform, and was still committed to carrying it through with the help of the other parties, it became less and less inclined to fulfil further obligations. For meanwhile the party's ranks had been swelled with a number of ante-bellum elements who saw the danger to themselves in the nationalization of industry and the drastic reduction of the civil service. They also sharply protested against the composition of Hungary's new police, which is, indeed, disproportionately staffed with Communists.

So an incessant tug of war is going on between the coalition parties, with damaging results to the government itself. At the same time, the big financiers of Budapest are still undaunted and do their best to disrupt the finances of the country still further by illegal transactions of all kinds.

Political leaders cannot helping seeing in the presence of the Red Army the most decisive factor in Hungarian politics. They are aware that this army, content for the moment to allow Hungarian statesmen a measure of self-determination, would not hesitate to back the more revolutionary movements if it seemed expedient. They also see their country's economic future inescapably linked up with the East, however much some of them would prefer closer bonds with the West. The Communist Deputy Premier, Rakosi, a dynamic and experienced politician, is believed to dominate his less astute colleagues in the government by sheer strength of personality. Tildy and Nagy of the Smallholders, and Szakasits of the Socialists may, indeed, be swayed by his powers of persuasion. But his arguments would be far less convincing without the continued Soviet occupation. Nor can the Smallholders find consolation in the fact that at present they represent 56 per cent of the electorate. As long as the coalition is maintained, they may be reasonably sure of holding their position; should it fail, a new election would certainly bring a swing to the left.

It is against this background that financial stabilization is now being attempted. On the first of August a new currency unit, the florin, goes into circulation, to be balanced against the old pengoe at one to four hundred billion. Simultaneously, economic life will be entirely reorganized. A series of new measures are being introduced to strangle speculation. The possession of foreign exchange is already punishable by death. Another law is proposed by which all gold in excess of a hundred grams will have to be given up—and while this will not force private hoards into the open, it will prevent the use of gold in barter and trade. Only a limited number of florins—eighty million during the first six weeks—will be put in circulation. Salaries and wages will be fixed in accordance with the average citizen's needs. Food rationing, moreover, will now be introduced in earnest. During these last months, government agents have been buying up food at all available sources, often outbidding the racketeers, and a three months' reserve is said to have been accumulated. The calory issue will certainly be small, probably not exceeding a thousand calories. But if fruit and vegetables are on sale at stabilized prices, and the free market is allowed to continue on a more reasonable basis than before, Hungarian housewives may breathe a little freely for the first time since the war.

But how can the government expect to carry this program through? Has it a real basis for its confidence?

The main ground for hope lies in the fact that land reform has at last been carried through with a good measure of success. The peasants discovered that, after all, nobody was hanged for acquiring land, and, in time, the title deeds were forthcoming from the capital. The coalition government, after a certain amount of reshuffling, seemed to stand firm. Last spring the farmers showed their confidence by sowing their land. In the face of incredible odds no less than 93 per cent of all arable land has been cultivated, despite huge losses of cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, poultry, and agricultural machinery. Similarly industrial production rose through the spring and early summer and, as a whole, is said to be 70 per cent of former capacity. This, moreover, was achieved in spite of the requisitioning of rolling stock and machinery by the occupation forces, and the almost complete demolition of bridges and railroads by the Germans during their retreat.

Hungary's national income during the next year may reach 75 per cent of its pre-war standard, while the state revenue is estimated at about 650 million gold pengoes (130 million dollars). Against this must be balanced reparation costs, of which 37 million gold pengoes will go to Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, and 200 million gold pengoes to the Soviet Union over a period of eight years. It is hoped that other expenditures, after further cuts in the civil service, will not exceed 540 million gold pengoes. The new budget was to be bal-

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anced at a deficit of no more than 20 per cent, or 130 million gold pengoes a year—a sum which gave no particular cause for anxiety. And today Prime Minister Nagy was able to reveal that the Soviet demands for reparations have been cut by a third and their payment extended over a greater period of years. This measure of relief, together with the return of Hungary's gold from American custody, will appreciably help the financial recovery of the new Hungarian state.

The only danger to the country seems to lie with those citizens who are determined at all costs to prevent economic stabilization. They are to be found among the few remaining big financiers and industrialists, the disgruntled state officials, and the landed gentry deprived of their property. Aided by their social standing and undeniable charm, they try to influence members of the Western Allied missions against the government, hoping to obstruct the financial reconstruction and thus unseat the present regime. This policy would seem short-sighted; for however much one may oppose power politics, and however much one may desire a country governed according to Western ideals of democratic self-determination, the geographical necessity for an Eastern orientation of Hungary cannot be argued away. In the light of this necessity, the interests of the country would seem better served by the existing government coalition—in which there is still room for a conflict of ideas and for free discussion—than by its demise; for the fall of the present government would certainly bring greater pressure from the East.

(Since this article was written the florin has replaced the pengoe and Hungary has exchanged a superabundance of money for a severe shortage. Reports from Budapest indicate that deflation is proving almost as painful as inflation. Wages, prices, and rents have been fixed at levels which make the real incomes of workers no more, at best, than half pre-war. So while goods appear plentiful in the stores there are no customers for any but the barest necessities. Meanwhile success of this drastic economic reform remains in doubt. It depends on the government's ability (1) to limit expenditures and avoid further recourse to the printing press; (2) to induce farmers to bring their produce to market in spite of the fact that wheat prices have been set at 2.2 times the pre-war level while those of industrial goods are five times higher.—EDITORS THE NATION.)

India: Unity or Civil War?

BY SHIVA RAO

New Delhi, August 12

POLITICAL developments have taken place at an almost bewildering pace since the Labor Ministers returned from New Delhi at the end of June. In summing up the results of their mission during the course of debates in both houses of the British Parliament in London, Lord Pethwick-Lawrence and Sir Stafford Cripps claimed a certain measure of success for their efforts. They asserted that both major Indian parties, the Congress Party and the Moslem League, had accepted the British long-term proposals and agreed to work out a Constituent Assembly on the lines laid down by the Cabinet Mission. Plans for a provisional government might have gone through had not Jinnah deliberately published his correspondence with Lord Wavell in which he challenged the right of the Congress Party to include within its quota Moslems from outside the ranks of the Moslem League. The ministers decided, upon their return to London, on the establishment of a purely official "caretaker government" at the center. They gave assurances that the Viceroy would resume negotiations immediately after election of the Constituent Assembly, and that the caretaker government would not remain in office beyond a few weeks.

Elections for the Constituent Assembly have now been completed. The Congress Party and the Moslem League between them have secured an overwhelming majority of seats. The former captured 203, losing only seven, while the latter obtained seventy-three seats out of a total of seventy-eight assigned to the Moslems. The Congress, however, made a significant and generous gesture. It elected nearly thirty outstanding men and women not belonging to the Party, chosen either because of their special qualifications or because they represented groups or interests which could not hope to succeed without Congress support. The result is that there are representatives of industrial labor, peasants, education, judges, doctors, and women, besides the smaller minorities such as Christians and Anglo-Indians, in the Constituent Assembly.

Had nothing else happened during July, the Viceroy could simply have gone ahead with the formation of the provisional government, resuming negotiations at the point where they were abandoned at the end of June.

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The Congress leaders have always attached the greatest importance to this provisional government. They are anxious that India should take her proper place among the nations of the world at the earliest possible moment especially when far-reaching decisions are being taken. At the Paris Peace Conference a handful of officials form the Indian delegation—not men like Nehru. India intends to raise the issue of South Africa's discriminatory treatment of Indian settlers at the next session of the General Assembly of the United Nations in September. It is vitally interested in the future of Eritria and Somaliland. It considers membership in the Trusteeship Council essential to insure a liberal interpretation of the provisions of the Charter. None of these things can India be sure of achieving without a provisional government made up of leaders who enjoy the confidence of the masses of the people.

Internally, too, the situation demands prompt and energetic decisions on a number of social problems. Strikes and labor unrest call for an imaginative sympathy on the part of the government—not bureaucratic rigidity. The country suffered great hardships as the result of a three-weeks' postal strike for whose satisfactory termination credit should go more to the front-rank Congress leaders than to the officials who form the caretaker government. The food situation continues to cause anxiety since imports from abroad have proved extremely inadequate, and the central government is incapable of producing the necessary coordination.

Inside the Congress Party itself pressure upon the leaders is becoming increasing apparent from Socialists who captured an appreciable number of places on the party's central executive committee. They do not conceal their anxiety about the present leaders' "drift towards compromise and constitutionalism," as they derisively describe it from hundreds of platforms. They want to renew the struggle with British imperialism on an even more impressive scale than during the war. Gandhi they admire; for Nehru they have a certain amount of affection, even respect; their politics, however, they sharply criticize. They chafe at Gandhi's uncompromising adherence to non-violence. General strikes to achieve political ends they regard as a perfectly legitimate weapon, disregarding Gandhi's advice. The Congress leaders are aware that unless they can evolve a satisfactory working agreement soon, these left-wing elements will make a formidable bid for control.

Men like Nehru, seeing their influence challenged by younger men and women, genuinely want a settlement with the British and with Jinnah. For a solution of the "vast and intricate political and economic problems," observes the latest resolution of the Congress leaders, "the largest measure of cooperation among the people of India is called for so that the change-over would be smooth and advantageous towards all concerned." They visualize the present task facing the country as a "rapid transition from dependence on a foreign power to full independence."

In addition Nehru wants to see India assume the leadership of Asia at this juncture. As for Gandhi, it is more than the mere leadership of the continent, more than a mere political settlement of Indo-British differences; Gandhi, brooding on the atomic bomb, thinks non-violence is the real answer. The solution of India's problem by non-violence will prove the efficacy of such a policy, he thinks, in meeting all world problems.

The Moslem League's present attitude renders the problem, which is difficult enough at all times, considerably more complicated. There was hope of a spirit of compromise prevailing inside the Constituent Assembly so long as Jinnah seemed willing to accept the British long-term plan, notwithstanding its clear repudiation of Pakistan. Subsequent publication of certain documents and letters proves that this acceptance was induced by a number of assurances which the Viceroy privately gave to Jinnah in regard to the formation of a provisional government without full realization of their implications. Jinnah and the Moslem League have withdrawn their support of the British long-term plan, although their representatives in the Constituent Assembly have retained their seats. The Cabinet Ministers and the Viceroy have been charged with a breach of their pledged word and phrases like "dishonorable betrayal of Moslem interests" and "the unholy alliance between the British and the Congress" have been freely used in recent weeks. Released from its embarrassing commitment to the British long-term plan, the Moslem League has reverted to its original demand for the immediate realization of Pakistan, but with a dangerous addition—a threat of direct action.

No one likes the present situation, neither the British nor the Congress Party, nor the Moslem League. Under these circumstances the Viceroy has asked Nehru to make proposals for an interim government—a course which should have been taken at the beginning of the negotiations. It was highly improper of the Viceroy to attempt a task which falls within the sphere of the duties of a Prime Minister. Nehru has accepted the responsibility and will see the Viceroy later this week with proposals. It is significant that the resolution of the Congress leaders, adopted last week-end before the Viceroy's invitation was issued, makes an earnest appeal to Jinnah and the Moslem League to participate in the solution of their common problems in a spirit of cooperation. It is certain that Nehru will offer Jinnah a share of the power within the provisional government. If he spurns the offer, Nehru must go ahead with such elements as are willing to support the new government. It is a critical moment in India's history—implying either a united endeavor to establish democratic freedom or grave civil strife.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Production and Profits

ASSIDUOUS efforts have been made by the N. A. M. and other mouthpieces of business to spread the impression that the profits of industry have been subjected to an intolerable squeeze between the millstones of rising costs and fixed price ceilings. As a result, it is claimed, the business man has been left with little incentive to produce and the one sure cure for inflation, a massive output of goods, has been delayed.

It is now possible to state positively, on the basis of production and profit statistics for the first six months of 1946, that this propaganda theme is not supported by the facts. Only a few industries, faced with special reconversion problems or involved in prolonged labor troubles, are now operating on an unprofitable basis. For the majority, business is good and profits are mounting to heights never touched in the most prosperous years of the past. The upward trend of earnings is brought out very clearly by figures for 120 companies noted in *Barron's* of July 29. In the first quarter of the year their aggregate profits showed a decrease of 1.5 per cent compared with the corresponding quarter of 1945; in the three months to June 30, they registered an increase of 36.7 per cent. These figures would have been still more favorable but for the fact that among the corporations included are some that have yet to recover ground lost during prolonged strikes in the early months of the year. General Motors, for instance, has reported a net loss for the half-year of $19.8 million after tax credits estimated at $79.5 million and a transfer from reserves set up to cover reconversion costs of $21 million. The obstinate refusal of the G. M. management to negotiate a settlement with the United Automobile Workers have proved very expensive for the company's stockholders.

Labor troubles in the automobile, steel, and coal industries have also been an important factor in holding down production. However, since the coal strike—the last major dispute—was settled, output has been gaining rapidly. The Federal Reserve Board index of industrial production (average of 1935/39 equals 100), which fell to 152 during the steel strike and again relapsed when the mines were shut down, rose 11 points between May and June to reach 170. And, according to the latest report of the Civilian Production Administration, additional gains were made in July. Coal output, for instance, is now averaging in excess of 2,000,000 tons a day compared with 1,400,000 in 1941, a boom year. Electric power output is also far ahead of the 1941 level, while in June petroleum production rose to the wartime peak of 5,000,000 barrels a day.

Many of the consumer goods industries are by now turning out goods at a greater rate than before the war. The following table shows recent shipments of certain household appliances in comparison with the monthly average in 1940/41.

	1946	1940/41 average
Washing machines	193,000 (June)	158,000
Vacuum cleaners	177,000 (June)	156,000
Gas ranges	141,000 (June)	125,000
Water heaters	225,000 (May)	175,000
Electric irons	430,000 (May)	380,000
Refrigerators	210,000 (June)	309,000
Electric ranges	46,000 (June)	47,000

Mid-year reports show plainly that, in most lines of business, the level of operations is sufficiently high to provide bonanza earnings for stockholders. A table published in the August Bulletin of the National City Bank shows, it is true, that the aggregate net income of 345 leading corporations for the first half of this year was 7.8 per cent below 1945 causing the annual rate of return on net worth to fall from 10.2 per cent to 9.1 per cent. However, this setback was wholly accounted for by the adverse results of the steel, automobile, and electrical equipment industries. By contrast other business groups showed the following striking percentage increases in net income for the first half of 1946 compared with the first half of 1945:

25	Food products	51.6 per cent
18	Paper and pulp	212.0 per cent
29	Chemicals, drugs	52.8 per cent
15	Cement, stone, and glass	25.4 per cent
52	Miscellaneous manufacturing	78.8 per cent
23	Trade (wholesale and retail)	247.0 per cent
13	Service	37.2 per cent

The tremendous increase in trade profits is especially noticeable, particularly as this branch of business, taken as a whole, has made very substantial profits all through the war. Retailers and wholesalers have been in the fortunate position of being able to expand sales vastly without a commensurate expansion in costs. They have, of course, had to pay rather higher wages, but wage costs per unit of sales have dropped sharply, as have overhead charges. Consequently profit-margins have risen to levels hitherto unknown in a highly competitive business. For the year ending January 31,1940, Gimbels's profit margin was 2.9 per cent; for that ending January 31, 1946, it was 10.4 per cent. Corresponding figures for the May, Allied, and Associated department store chains were: 5.1 and 13.8 per cent, 4.3 and 9.8 per cent, 4.7 and 12.2 per cent. It would seem that there is a very good case for absorption of some part of higher manufacturing prices by retailers.

Another business group which has enjoyed exceptionally large increases in profits this year is textiles, although nowhere are there more constant complaints about the ruinous ceilings set by the OPA than in the pages of the textile trade press. The National City Bank tables do not provide separate figures for this industry but the half-yearly reports of eight companies which I have received show aggregate net earnings of $27,251,000 this year compared to $10,775,000 in 1945—a rise of 252 per cent. It would certainly be hard to account for the shortage of shirts and suits on the ground that profit-incentives were absent. KEITH HUTCHISON

(Everybody's Business will not appear in the next four issues of The Nation *as Keith Hutchison is on vacation.)*

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

New Year's Day

Again and then again . . . the year is born
To ice and death, and it will never do
To skulk behind stormwindows by the stove
To hear the postgirl sounding her French horn
When the thin tidal ice is wearing through.
Here is the understanding not to love
Our neighbor or tomorrow that will sieve
Our resolutions. While we live, we live

To snuff the smoke of victims. In the snow
The kitten heaved its hindlegs, as if fouled,
And died. We bent it in a Christmas box
And scattered blazing weeds to scare the crow
Until the snake-tailed sea-winds coughed and howled
For alms outside the church whose double locks
Wait for St. Peter, the distorted key.
Under St. Peter's bell the parish sea

Swells with its smelt into the burlap shack
Where Joseph plucks his hand-lines like a harp,
And hears the fearful *Puer natus est*
Of Circumcision, and relives the wrack
And howls of Jesus whom he holds. How sharp
The burden of the Law before the beast:
Time and the grindstone and the knife of God.
The child is born in blood, O child of blood.

ROBERT LOWELL

The Poetry and Wisdom of Paterson

PATERSON (BOOK I). By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $2.50.

THERE are many distinct levels in William Carlos Williams's new poem. Three are object levels, what the poem is about: Paterson, the city; the city as man; language as bridge between the two, joining their identity. The second of these levels can be further divided into city-as-man-in-general, as this-or-that man, and as the self, the largest abstract autobiographical image of the poet. Then there are the levels of language-in-use: first prose, in the form of passages from a local history, newspaper clippings, expense accounts, letters and reminiscences; and finally the surface itself, which is Williams's familiar, and at the same time deceptively, but authentically, simple poetry. The completed poem of four parts will elaborate the image, "a man in himself is a city, beginning, seeking, achieving and concluding his life in ways which the various aspects of a city may embody. . . ." The present installment "introduces the elemental character of the place." Thus far, the curious thing about this poem, with its divisions and subdivisions, is that its lines are a true green, though they grow not as meadow but real estate.

The simplicity of Williams's lines is not strained by the need to bind so much disparate symbolic material. The pace accommodates itself to things seen, tactile qualities, an uncrowded catalogue:

The sun
winding the yellow bindweed about a
bush; worms and gnats, life under a stone.

The pitiful snake with its mosaic skin
and frantic tongue. . . .
The absurd dignity of a locomotive
hauling freight—

or

rolled his thumb

about the tip of his left index finger
and watched it dip each time,
like the head

of a cat licking its paws, heard the
faint filing sound it made. . . .

The ease with which Williams hauls his symbolic freight is to the credit of his prose. It is in his clean idiomatic manner (I assume he has written most of it himself, instead of actually taking it from local sources), and it fixes beforehand the objects, events, and meanings that the lines of poetry draw upon. (It is rather as if the notes of "The Waste Land" had been moved into the poetic foreground, with the poem serving as commentary—or need one say *as if*?) Thus the image of Mrs. Sarah Cumming and Sam Patch, who met their deaths, respectively, by an accidental fall and a stunt leap into water, is well prepared in the prose excerpts to serve the later purpose—death by drowning as the typical metaphor of ineffable poetic language. The lines in the following passage that Williams puts in quotes illustrate the value of such a cut-back in making concrete a generalization about poetry.

Moveless
he envies the men that ran
and could run off
toward the peripheries—
to other centers, direct—
for clarity (if
they found it)
loveliness and
authority in the world—

a sort of springtime
toward which their minds aspired
but which he saw,
within himself—ice bound

and leaped, "the body, not until
the following spring, frozen in
an ice cake"

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There is an obvious scrap-book advantage in this method; it permits running back and forth in time, leaps from man to this-man to the self, and provides a sociological or historical distillate of the city which the poetry, essentially lyrical, could never undertake to do. But the success of this attempt, a generalizing lyricism with an *ars poetica* as its motive, cannot as yet be determined. It will depend on how freely the poetry detaches itself, in the subsequent parts, from the prose conveyor belt and works out its own designs. There is already some spontaneous generation of material in the lyrical sections; thus, a reconstruction of a National Geographic snapshot of native women, which develops into a delicate passage on marriage and the communication between lovers.

Of course, devices are essential, for the lyric has short wings. But more important than the sustaining of the lines is the sustaining of the mood, which is here one of summary and wisdom: whether it can grow, circle out, and return on itself with real gain. In recent years the poet's only wisdom has been poetry; he knows all about knowing about poetry, and the earth, which Williams in his concluding lines calls "the chatterer, father of all speech," is a borax heap on which only words grow. But Dr. Williams knows many other things: child-birth, women, life along the Passaic. One can expect him to bring this knowledge to his wisdom in the forthcoming parts of "Paterson."

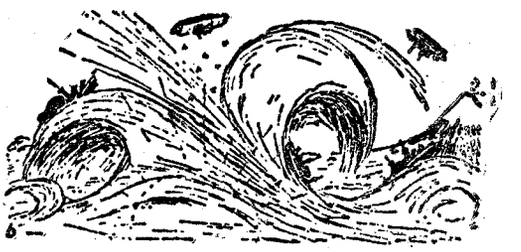
ISAAC ROSENFELD

Life and Politics

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE found so much good in the worst of his fellows that all his life he foreswore harsh judgments and loved men whose views and acts he couldn't abide. At the same time he saw so much bad in the best of them that his autobiography, for all its mellowness, color, and high spirits, exposes with surgical deftness the shams of a generation. Unlike Steffens and the other great muckrakers who were his contemporaries and good friends, White was never the outsider doing a cold job on malefactors whom he abhorred; on the contrary, he was for half a century an insider of the Republican machine that he so frequently and enthusiastically damned, and a warm personal admirer of innumerable G. O. P. luminaries from Hanna to Hoover.

The exception to White's rule of indulgent tolerance is William Allen White. To hear him tell it, he was first "a young fool . . . writing reactionary editorials about Sound Economics"; then he was "fair, fat, and twenty-four, a supercilious young Pharisee, blinder than a bat," who lied about the Populists out of the depths of his ignorance. As a journalist, he "reported the superficialities . . . without real knowledge of what was going on," and even at thirty-seven, already publisher of the Emporia *Gazette*, he was still no more than "a little oleaginous molecule with a red, round face, waddling in a dog-trot from God-knows-whence to God-knows-where." Nor, in his own harsh view, did he ever improve appreciably. Covering the peace conference at fifty, he was "abysmally ignorant," without the "sense



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that Frank Simond had, or that Oswald Garrison Villard had." He was "just Republican precinct committeeman in the Fourth Ward of Emporia, Kansas, who had been on the state commitee and had been on the national committee, and so walked with what I thought was a heroic tread."

This self-castigation should not be taken at face value, and will not by anyone who ever knew William Allen White, and I suspect that future generations of readers will be too absorbed in the narrative, the color, and the warmth of his book to pay much attention to it. I suspect further that White did not mean these passages to be taken literally. But they are there for a reason, and I cannot believe that reason to be unconnected with the curious political double life that marked White's career from the time a minor episode "soured [him] on wealth" and made him "a champion of the new rebellion."

Here was a man who threw himself with characteristically boyish abandon into the Great Reformation led by Theodore Roosevelt, his idol. And here was the man who, among Roosevelt's closest advisers, held out longest against the bolt from the G. O. P. He was, as he says,

> a rebel against the rebellion, suspicious even in my enthusiasm, but abating no ounce of energy even though I was standing beside myself . . . I have always done that. Something in moments of tension has always split my personality. Maybe it was in inheritance, blood, or paternal environment—the calculating Yankee watching the wild Irishman, not without amusement and sometimes with qualms.

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TWENTY VESEY STREET NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

This was the same split personality that warned White's Kansas delegation in 1920 not to "disgrace the Republican Party" by nominating Harding and then "toddled along, followed the Kansas banner in the parade, ashamed, dishevelled in body and spirit, making a sad, fat figure while the bands played, the trumpets brayed, and the crowd howled for Harding." The "wild Irishman" supported Franklin D. Roosevelt in public and in private for three-and-a-half years of his first term only to allow the "calculating Yankee" to spend the last six months in promoting the election of Alfred M. Landon, even though he was doubtful enough of his fellow-Kansan to write of him in the *Gazette*:

> Political geography has taken him where he is. . . . But political geography does not make a man President. He must measure up to certain spiritual requirements. . . . But if he does not have these extraordinary qualities—if some hell-born breed of events thrusts him luckily into power without the strength to do the job—God help his country in a time like this.

The truth is that William Allen White, materially successful all his life, endowed with excellent health, and supremely happy in his family life, knew none of the miseries which he realized were "crystallizing the struggle of the people of the world into one pattern of revolt"—a revolt that was mirrored only tangentially and with distortions in the middle-class insurgency of the Bull Moose. Vaguely and inactively, William Allen White was for that deeper revolt, but he was not of it. He became conscious enough of the shallowness of the Roosevelt reform to write in his autobiography that "we were intent upon making wholesome dog biscuits for the underdog." But apparently this awareness seemed in no way inconsistent with an almost embarrasingly lavish devotion to revolutionists of the caliber of Herbert Hoover. ("We set up a little altar to Herbert Hoover in our hearts—and after thirty years the candle before it is still burning.")

The White "Autobiography," foreshortened by the author's death in 1945, is a great book on several levels. As a personal narrative it is a joy to read—especially the opening chapters on the respectfully dispassionate courtship of White's parents, an episode of Dickensian flavor, and on his idyllic boyhood in a post-bellum Kansas that still feared Indian raids, though the Red Men that little Will White knew were hardly more than wandering bands of amiable gypsies.

As a detailed and animated study in the workings of American political machinery—local, state, and national—the book is superb. White loved Kansas and the America of his youth, but no Marxist has ever dissected the railroad plutocracy so unmercifully, or so unsentimentally laid bare what White called "the vast swindle that was the Middle West of the eighties." And, in passing, the world's most noted country editor wasted no rose-tinted nostalgia on small-town papers as an institution; most of them, he showed, were as mendacious as the small scale of their operations required.

No journalism of our day can touch the "Autobiography" for sheer reportorial brilliance. As correspondent for the

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George Matthew Adams Newspaper Service and the top-notch magazines of the period, White covered every major political story—and many an unscheduled one—of the first two decades of the century. And they come alive in his book with startling vividness, particularly the Republican convention of 1912, at which Elihu Root, the intellectual aristocrat of the party, facing down a crowd of delegates "which had been melted by rage into a rabble," put his faith in the barbed wire concealed beneath the bunting that wrapped the railed approach to the rostrum. Equally memorable was the scene at the Century Club, where White had been lunching with Thomas B. Reed on the day of McKinley's funeral. At the moment when the entire nation came to a standstill for the tribute of a silent prayer, Reed, who had been ousted as Speaker by the McKinley-Hanna cabal, rose and delivered himself of "the most exquisitely brutal, meticulously refined malediction" White had ever heard—all "poured out in a torrent of wrath, a cold, repressed New England cascade of icicles."

White's estimates of people are personal rather than political, and he has sketched a fascinating gallery. McKinley "was destined for a statue in a park, and was practicing the pose for it." Charles Curtis was a man "who after his one blast for free silver never let the expression of his convictions affect in any way his rise in prestige and power." Mark Hanna, whom White loved as a father, was "a tender-hearted brigand," who, had he lived, might perhaps "have seen how evil was his rollicking economic lechery." Bryan was "an innocent, intellectually and emotionally—a child in a garden who loved its beauty, enjoyed its perfume, and never crushed a bud," while Darrow "belonged to the great brotherhood of pilgrims who tread the primrose path not idly but with zeal and a deep conviction of their rectitude." Wilson, whom he admired and whose foreign policy he favored over that of his hero's, was "a spare, ascetic, repressed creature, a kind of frozen flame of righteous intelligence"; yet he treated T. R. with "a frigid malevolence" that White could never forgive.

The book is 649 pages long and so broad in scope that I have done no more than suggest its contents. It is an intimate political history of the United States from 1880 to 1923, informed by the genial spirit of a man who had experienced the best the country had to give in those years—an intelligent, talented, and successful American whose conscience preserved him from social arrogance and whose humor saved him from ever becoming smug.

ROBERT BENDINER

Coming

The Books and the Arts section of The Nation *will feature during the next few weeks articles and reviews by Wolfgang Köhler, William Empson, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Hans Reichenbach, Stuart Chase, Albert Guerard, Franz Neumann, Paul Tillich, Isaac Rosenfeld, Ernest Nagel, Delmore Schwartz, Mary McCarthy, Wylie Sypher, Hannah Arendt, Robert Lowell, Arthur Mizener, and Paul Sweezey.*

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FICTION IN REVIEW

ROBERT PENN WARREN'S "All the King's Men" (Harcourt, Brace, $3) is not the first novel to draw its inspiration from the career of Huey Long. Some years ago there was John Dos Passos's "Number One," which I have not read, and a few seasons ago there was Hamilton Basso's "Sun in Capricorn," which, as I remember it, dealt rather freely with the actual biography of the Louisiana Kingfish. Mr. Warren would seem to stay closer to his original: he gives us a complete life-story, from the days when his Willie Stark was just an earnest, urgent, back-country farm boy to his early years in law practice and his first venture into politics, through his flashing rise to political power and the governorship, to, finally, his assassination. I say "would seem" because, acquainted with only the broadest outlines of Long's life, I have no way of knowing how much of Mr. Warren's detail is a matter of record and how much supplied by the novelist's imagination. But since Mr. Warren offers his story wholly as fiction, the question of factual accuracy need not be raised.

And a very remarkable piece of novel-writing "All the King's Men" surely is. For sheer virtuosity, for the sustained drive of its prose, for the speed and evenness of its pacing, for its precision of language, its genius of colloquialism, I doubt indeed whether it can be matched in American fiction. Mr. Warren's method is the method of great photography, his poetry an overtone of photographic documentation. Perhaps one must imagine the camera of Walker Evans inching over mile after mile of the South, piling up its record of personal portraits and place portraits and portraits of things, catching fact after fact of the Southern heat and mystery, indolence and venality and despair, in order to begin to have a notion of what and how Mr. Warren sees.

Nor are its imposing gifts of composition the only recommendation of " All the King's Men." There is also its largeness of intention. Mr. Warren's study of a political leader is intended to investigate the moral relativism inherent in the historical process. One might describe it as a fictional demonstration of Hegel's philosophy of history. For what Mr. Warren seems to be saying, with Hegel, is that spirit or goodness arises only out of the ruck of living and the clash of self-seeking wills. He is questioning the absolutes of good and evil which are so much the assumption of a large part our present-day political morality.

But all relativistic positions are peculiarly liable to misinterpretation, and the Hegelian relativism especially must be read very purely not to be translatable into a justification of means by their end, or not to be understood as the belief that good always, even often, has its source in evil. Yet here precisely is the inadequacy of "All the King's Men," that it can give rise to just such misconceptions of what I am sure was its very much purer informing idea. It is in fact difficult *not* to infer from Mr. Warren's novel that a Willie Stark's absolute power is justified by such public benefactions as the fine hospital he builds, or that we are to welcome the Willie Stark type of political unpleasantness as a step in political progress.

In part, of course, this may be the inevitable result of translating the hero of history into a hero of fiction. For, concerned with the world historical figure, Hegel was concerned only with his historical or force aspect, not with his ethical aspect; but fiction always deals primarily with individual human beings, and only by suggestion with philosophical abstractions, and when Mr. Warren personifies his abstractions, as the novelist must, he in effect alters a way of viewing history into a system of personal morality from which, then, we evolve a system of political morality. Thus, Willie Stark is not an evolutionary force, but first a person on whom his author exercises an ethical judgment; and if only because he is the hero of the novel, we must assume that this judgment is largely admiring or approving. The result is that it is the demagogue's usual dull ambivalence—half the obsession with power and half a soft generosity and idealism—that is made to stand for the dialectical struggle of good and evil in both individuals and society.

But it is not merely because he is the hero of the novel that we assume that Stark is approved by his author. We also have the word for it of Mr. Warren's narrator. "All the King's Men" is told through the point of view of a young newspaperman-researcher attached to Stark—one of those prefabricated figures out of the city room whom Mr. Warren endows with a wonderful eye but with no equivalent gift of inward vision. "Wise," cynical, tough but touchable, Jack Burden is better educated than his usual counterparts in fiction and the movies, but his values are scarcely more fortifying. He is the kind of man, for instance, who, when he perceives that the only thing alive in the face of an Okie to whom he gives a lift on the road is the twitch near his eye, goes on to evolve from this observation an embarrassingly maudlin philosophy—a phantasy of the Great Twitch as a god of doom. Even more significant, he is the kind of man who feels virtually no emotion about his share in the blackmail of a friend, a blackmail that leads the friend to shoot himself, except the pleasure of recognition that a good—a truth—has come from it. But although Jack Burden is so essentially shabby a person that he vulgarizes any thought he entertains or acts out, it is to him that Mr. Warren entrusts an idea of history that requires the nicest discriminations. It is Burden's morally ambiguous evaluation of Stark that we are forced to accept as Mr. Warren's.

And if the low quality of Burden's moral awareness is responsible for most of the ethical and political confusion of "All the King's Men," so must it in some measure account, I think, for the failure of Mr. Warren's novel to achieve the artistic stature commensurate with the author's writing gifts. For one has the idea that were Mr. Warren's narrator to inhabit wider realms of thinking and feeling, he would not only alter our view of the book's central character but also give greater meaning to its subsidiary people, that he would raise all his associates out of the realm of the commonplace and raise their conflicts from melodrama to drama. Certainly the conception of almost all Mr. Warren's characters fails to match the energy of the prose in which they are delineated. While Mr. Warren's language draws upon every resource of actuality, his creation of people lacks all freshness of perception. It is the inner human mystery that Mr. Warren blinks as he pursues the mystery of the historical process.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

JAZZ is a new material not only for the musicological system-grinders but for the academic course-makers. The following questions were sent to a number of music critics by a member of a college teaching staff who wrote that the answers and comments would be part of the material he was assembling "in connection with the contemplated introduction of jazz into the music curriculum:"

1. What is the position of jazz in modern music?

2. Will jazz make any permanent contribution to music? If so, what?

3. Could jazz be taught in the music schools? Would such instruction be of value?

In reply I wrote: "A course in jazz could be given and would be valuable if it was devoted to letting the student *hear* jazz—this for two purposes: (1) by familiarizing him with it—and solely by that method—to develop his taste for it; (2) to make clear to him the difference between jazz and the forms of popular music that are not jazz, such as the show music of Gershwin and Berlin and the large-band performances of arrangements of this music."

In other words, "the course would not be concerned with the 'position of jazz in modern music' and its 'permanent contribution to music.' Your questions on these matters represent first of all the academic attitude in the teaching of music—which is to teach not the piece of music as a piece of music, a particular artistic communication, but the piece of music as a collection of stylistic manifestations related to other such collections in the development of music. And that is something I consider completely wrong. Your questions further represent the long current notions about the relation of jazz to American serious music, which are also wrong. In these ideas jazz has been taken incorrectly to mean the show music of Gershwin and Berlin; and even about this music the ideas have been wrong, and your questions are on the wrong track—as you may realize if I ask the analogous questions about the position and contribution of the Viennese waltz. But it is even worse when the ideas and questions are about jazz in the correct sense—the improvisation of small groups like those of Louis Arm-

(*Continued on page* 223)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Voting at Eighteen

Dear Sirs: As a highly interested teenager, I have wondered why *The Nation* has not come out for the extension of the franchise to all citizens over eighteen years of age.

I, like most of my contemporaries, feel that now is the time to amend the Constitution extending the vote. When I graduated from high school two months ago, I generally was in sympathy with such an amendment. Since I have now entered industry, observing what the older as well as the younger generation is thinking, and observing how reaction is setting in as typified by Dwight Griswold's defeat in Nebraska and Charles La Follette's defeat in Indiana, I am particularly concerned about the need for this amendment. Young people are, as a rule, liberals, with highly imaginative concepts of things, yet are, contrary to opinion among the older folks, well informed on political and economic issues which are at present confronting the world. Their outlooks have not been blackened with delusion and fear and prejudice, and they are not burdened down with the modes of the past. Liberalism is greatly in need of these young people's votes. They are looking to the future.

During the war millions of young men not yet of voting age were drafted into the armed services and asked to accept the responsibilities of full-fledged adults. Recognized as quick thinkers and alert fighters, as a group they were excepted from no undertaking. Many returned veterans, hardened by the experiences of seeing the world, will this fall be ineligible to vote because "they ain't old enough."

I have heard many people refer to the younger element as too ignorant and inexperienced to vote. Most of these same people are not acquaintd with, or never attended the meetings of, the young people of the present generation. Mention youth, and most of these old fogies immediately think of a harum-scarum demon. There are many young people like this, but I rather think they are an exception. Most youth are serious. They want to contribute to society and take up the responsibilities of an adult. The number of people over twenty-one who are in ignorance of the problems of the present age is much higher than that of people between eighteen and twenty-one. After all, the older people have had time to lose faith in prevailing institutions, their minds have become closed and set. Not so the young folks. Their minds are clear, relatively unpolluted by the hates and resentments of yesteryear. The future is theirs and most of them will be wary in their handling of it.

Despite claims to the contrary, eighteen- and nineteen- and twenty-year-olds want the franchise. We see political opponents elected to office, we are made responsible adults before the courts, and Congress drafts us long before the ballot is even within reach. Most of us form personal political and economic opinions, quite distinct from those of our parents, before leaving school.

At present, only Georgia provides the franchise for citizens over eighteen. Under the auspices of liberal Governor Ellis Arnall, an amendment was passed to bring these young citizens into the electorate. The results have been satisfactory.

I suppose we could wait for individual states to take action; however, the delay and inadequacy of this procedure is too obvious. The time to act is now. Now is the time for all of us to work for a Constitutional Amendment to give all citizens over eighteen the franchise.

BEN BENEDICT

Sturgis, Mich., July 14

Hope for Georgia

Dear Sirs: I found "It's Growing Time in Georgia" by Lillian Smith (*The Nation*, July 13) a masterpiece of understanding and bravery. Reading it was difficult in the light of Talmadge's victory. I admire Governor Arnall's work and hope that he will have another growing time in Georgia.

JAMES R. DUFFIN

San Francisco, July 23

Stickney Memorabilia

Dear Sirs: I am gathering material for a life of the American poet, Trumbull Stickney (1874-1904). If any of your readers have letters or other material pertaining to him, I would appreciate hearing from them.

THOMAS RIGGS JR.

12 Gansevoort St.,
New York 14, July 6

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(*Continued from page* 222)

strong; and again you may realize this if I ask the analogous questions about the position and contribution of Spanish *cante flamenco.*"

And in conclusion, "the fundamental error is that of thinking that these forms of popular music acquire importance and value only from a relation with, an absorption into, serious music, instead of realizing their sufficiency and validity, their importance and value in and for themselves."

But if the course is given I am sure it will be devoted to the ideas about the position and permanent contribution of jazz in serious music that were supplied by the other critics whom my correspondent wrote to. It will be devoted, that is, to the ideas which provide the kind of material a college course can be made of—which lend themselves to classroom discussion, note-taking, memorizing, and questions and answers for academic bookeeping.

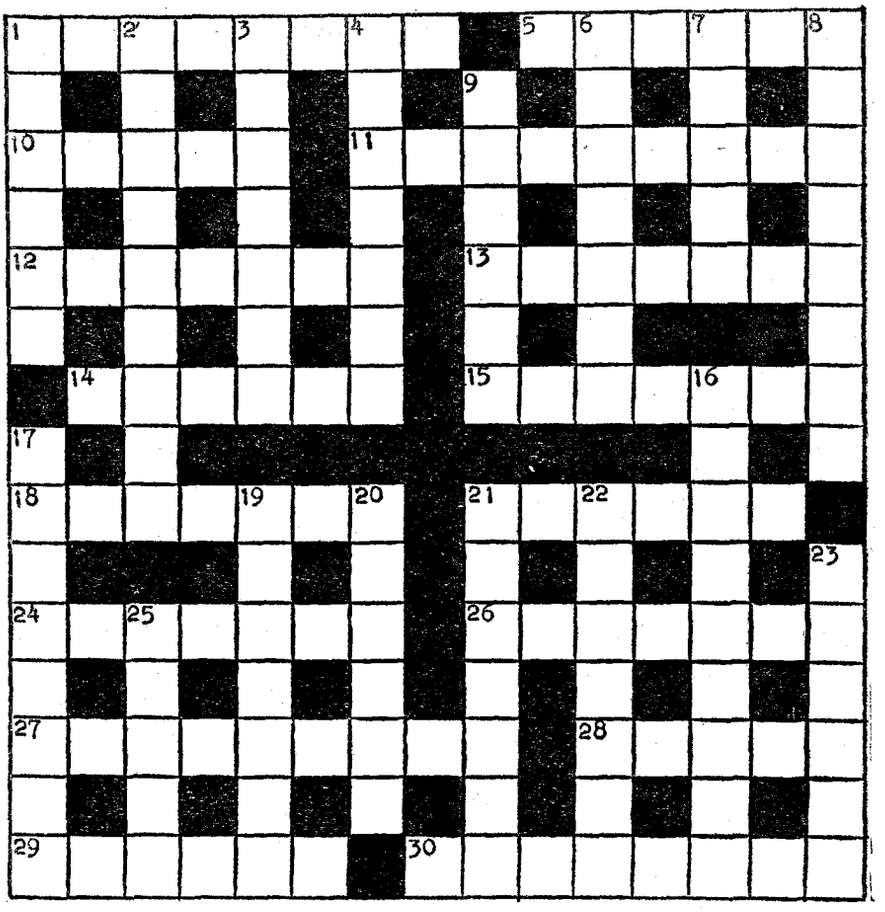
For August Victor offers a single record (11-9191; $1) with Mozart's Overture to "The Abduction From the Seraglio," beautifully performed by Beecham with the London Philharmonic (though with characteristic over-deliberateness in the minuet section), and beautifully reproduced (though with some weakness in treble, and with curiously fluctuating volume-level in the fortissimos on the second side.)

Apparently Victor considers this overture as great a burden as our minds can stand up under in August; for the rest of its list is very light, and only one of the items rates discussion: a volume (Set 1053; $3) of the favorite Brahms Hungarian Dances—Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 17—spiritedly performed by Erica Morini with Artur Balsam at the piano.

If Victor is so seasonal it might issue Beecham's recent recording of Royal Hunt and Storm from Berlioz's "Trojans," of which I have heard enthusiastic reports. The quiet conclusion of that piece is a succession of exquisitely wrought details of a startlingly intense loveliness that brings tears to my eyes in the same way as some of the things that happen in Mozart; and the entire piece documents a reader's observation, in a recent letter, that he saw in Berlioz's "very pure and fire-like and passionate music . . . a mind operating in the romantic idiom in the same extraordinary way as Mozart's operates in the idiom he grew up with."

Crossword Puzzle No. 175

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Put a square peg in a round hole, for example
5 Finish with a mischief-maker
10 Hang down
11 Weapons with which people might defend themselves when encircled?
12 Mounted like a man
13 Manor house
14 Hooligans
15 We are best suited on these days
18 Token of marriage on hire?
21 It doesn't hurt anyone to be burnt in this
24 Any conveyance
26 No dirge comes from this part of France
27 Pleasure was, in Gray's famous lines
28 Buzzybodies
29 The man who never made a mistake would have no use for one
30 Where infants are taken in and done for (4 and 4)

DOWN

1 Dreamy way to begin a letter (2 and 4)
2 If we're going to be chased by a bull, we hope it will be this kind!
3 Is this bird a sitter, or a flyer, or both?
4 Moves with an inclination to port, or starboard
6 We open the door to find that he has left
7 Running water wash-basins have largely superseded them
8 Do away with — in the prescription department!
9 Dodges
16 A great inn (anag.), and it's in South America
17 Cress, Eva? (anag.)
19 Town and lake in Switzerland
20 Heat units
21 She's probably "Genie" to her friends
22 Seems as though it might be a dangerous insect during a drought
23 Washed up while the jam set
25 Is this animal laughing at *us?*

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 174

ACROSS:—1 GRAYBEARD; 6 POETS; 9 INNINGS; 10 REMORSE; 11 SOLDIER; 12 ANISEED; 13 DON; 15 GARAGE; 17 BOTTLE; 18 WHITE; 19 NATURE; 22 TRIBAL; 25 ONE; 27 LONG TON; 28 GENESIS; 30 MUSTANG; 31 ICEFLOE; 32 NEARS; 33 REGISTRAR.

DOWN:—1 GRIPS; 2 ANNULAR; 3 BUNTING; 4 ABSURD; 5 DURBAN; 6 PIMLICO; 7 EARNEST; 8 SPEEDWELL; 14 ONION; 15 GENTLEMEN; 16 EWE; 17 BET; 20 TUNISIA; 21 RATTANS; 23 RANGERS; 24 BUSTLER; 25 ONAGER; 26 EGGING; 29 SWEAR.

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